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REVIEWS

Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. Under the Superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Vol. I. London, 1831. Holdsworth & Ball.

MANY who were ignorant of the late Robert Hall as a minister, knew him as a great mind, or rather, as a most distinguished instance of a great mind acted upon by religion, and devoting its energies entire and unadulterate to the pursuit and dissemination of religious truth. His claim to be considered the first preacher of the age, has been recognized beyond the boundaries of any sect or circle—by judges varying most widely in their creed and system of church government, and by not a few lacking definite belief of any kind. This triumph has, however, been shared by ministers far less gifted; very mixed congregations have at times been molten into one spirit and interest under their appeals; ladies have fainted, the niggardly have emptied their purses, the young have trembled, and the old glowed with enthusiasm, through the influence of inferior eloquence. This is not a distinction to be greatly insisted on, for the impression made depends as much on the calibre of the hearer's own mind, the state of his nerves, or the retentiveness of his memory, as on the merits of the preacher. Added to this, the impression made by public speaking is often aided, if not mainly caused by adventitious circumstances; as, expressive action, a striking and varied intonation of voice, great earnestness of manner, or extraordinary excitement in the subject. Or it may be that the listener's mind has been made a recipient of pleasure similar to that arising from a dramatic representation; he has been alternately astonished, soothed, or awe-struck, without any trouble to his understanding; his feelings have been touched, and he has not been required to think. But the hearer's pleasure, if so derived, fades the moment he leaves the orator's presence, and the orator's triumph is abated the moment he prints his composition: nevertheless, many possess and retain the praise of being eloquent, because they are heard, not read. But Robert Hall was great in the pulpit, and also great out of it; many of his warmest appreciators never heard the sound of his voice or sat beneath the scintillation of his eye, but were made his admirers by the silent perusal of his writings, when the interest of such perusal necessarily depended on the merits of the composition. It was this which set him above so many distinguished contemporaries. He was indeed a great preacher, but the fame of that name, limited unavoidably to the years of his life, the congregation that heard him, their memories and power of judging, would have been slight, and in time a perishable memorial. With powers, too,

less exquisite in their symmetry and growth, with an understanding less keenly exercised, with an imagination inferior in strength and beauty, and a faculty of reason less fitted to rule over the splendid realm of his intellect with the grasp and vision of a legislator; with a meaner endowment of grand and various properties—Robert Hall might have attained the praise of oratory; but it required the association of all to make him what he was, and what his writings will always prove him to have been—a GREAT MAN. Some persons may think that so high a title, to be deserved, requires more of action, and of action conversant with remarkable events; that a man to be great must be a conqueror, a legislator, a discoverer, or at the very least, an inventor—one whose existence must produce startling results, whose greatness is palpable to the senses, and whose achievements may be weighed and measured. Such persons may be reminded with advantage of Pascal's definition of the three orders of distinction: that which is seen with the eye—that which is appreciated by the mind—and that which is recognized by God: the order of outward pomp, the order of intellect, and the order of holiness. To be classed with the first, Robert Hall had certainly no title, for he lived and died a humble dissenting minister; to the second and third class he belonged equally: and it was the perfect harmony that subsisted between his spirit and his understanding, between his devotional feelings and his mental vigour—it was the lovely and long-continued union manifest in his character, of talent and goodness, of intellect and piety, that gave him unquestionable right to the title of Great. But whilst in his mind philosophy and religion maintained an inseparable, it was a distinct existence; he never attempted to reciprocate their characters or blend their instructions—knowing, to quote a remark of his own, "that Christianity, issuing perfect and entire from the hands of its Author, will admit of no mutilations or improvements; it stands most secure on its own basis; and, without being indebted to foreign aids, supports itself best by its own internal vigour. It is dogmatic; not capable of being advanced with the progress of science, but fixed and immutable."

He treated religion as a noble and intellectual thing, because he felt his own acute and comprehensive intellect quickened and amplified when borne upon its wings to the contemplation of things as they are. He neither allegorized the Scriptures, nor anathematized life, nor denounced the human mind, in terms which the Creator has not thought fit to use; but he pressed conviction home upon the conscience with the dignified severity of truth—shook with the grasp of a giant the painted pillars of worldly confidence and vanity—rent open the delusions of infidelity

with a "flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life," and then, sheathing that sword, scattered the dew of holy consolation on the spirits of the weary, the wretched, and the penitent. The religion he advocated was neither one of ceremonies nor of abstractions; it neither savoured of a wild or effeminate fanaticism, nor yet of a cold vague philosophy; it was the inculcation of truths at once revealed, living, and divine; a religion that could renew, exalt, and strengthen, alike the understanding and the affections; a religion with authority to command actions, with power to supply motives, power to impart a desire of approximating to Deity, of preferring the real and the unseen to the tangible and apparent—a true and vital principle of progression—"a pure river of water of life."

Mr. Hall never struggled to set forth himself; and this self-oblivion, in coincidence with the chaste severity of his taste, the piercing vigour of his understanding, and the grave majesty of his imagination, which could not stoop to exaggeration or ornament, peculiarly fitted him to be a champion and delineator of CHRISTIANITY. But, although Mr. Hall's conceptions were stamped with all the characteristics of a first-rate mind, that from youth had been elaborately cultivated, rigidly disciplined, and fed no less with gentle affection than with lofty thoughts; yet his eloquence would scarcely be considered eloquent by the multitude; many a sounding declamation, glittering with every species of literary vice, has been more vehemently applauded than productions developing the finest powers of the human mind, and affording the most perfect specimens of the English language. But if Mr. Hall wanted imagination, it was to those only who consider imagination as a kind of scene-shifter, or, at most, a scene-painter to the feelings; and if he lacked fancy, it was to those who think the sole end of language is to arrange an antithesis, or build up a simile. He was by no means favourable to a picturesque phraseology—to poetic diction in prose—to sudden changes of style, or to what are called *bursts* of eloquence—the said bursts frequently consisting of a regiment of similes, an attendant staff of epithets and conjunctions, the rear brought up by a grand personification, and a coinage of new words in honour of its appearance!

To speak of Mr. Hall's compositions merely with reference to their style, simplicity and discrimination mark his choice of words—strength, ease and compactness, the construction of his sentences. He spoke frequently in epigrams and apophthegms, but he never wrote in them; and even his sparing use of alliteration and antithesis seems oftener the result of accident than intention. There is no balanced monotony between the first and

last clause of his paragraphs: inartificial, yet elaborately correct; easy of apprehension, yet weighty with meaning, we find richness united with simplicity—transparency with depth—and symmetry with strength. It is, in fact, owing to these excellences, that solitary extracts give little notion of the value of the remainder. When fine passages are dovetailed in for effect, they may be quoted for effect; but not when they are the natural growth of the subject, and have an inseparable connexion with what precedes and with what follows. The sermon on 'Modern Infidelity' is considered by able judges Mr. Hall's best work; it may be considered perfect: a sermon that contains far-extending thought, piercing argument, graphic delineation, and calm and noble seriousness. The reader's interest in this production will not be lessened by knowing that Mr. Hall prepared it for the press from memory, (the discourse not having been written); and that part of it was prepared while *lying on the floor*, to mitigate the agony he habitually endured in his back. Another sermon, 'Thoughts proper to the present Crisis,' preached and printed in 1803, affords a fine instance of the prophetic foresight of genius, and of the value, beyond the passing moment, of sentiments deduced from principles, and of warnings grounded on facts significant of human nature. Twenty-eight years have elapsed; but read even at the present crisis, nothing can be finer than his denunciations of the base and earth-born system of morals which, instead of appealing to any internal principle, leaves everything to calculation, and determines everything by expediency: which makes the grandest questions that can agitate the human mind mere questions of interest, and regards even the Scriptures as a spiritual ledger-book of profit and of loss: which mechanizes whatsoever it touches, turning from the beautiful with a contemptuous doubt of its utility, subjecting the good to an arithmetical process, miscalled reasoning, flinging over the heart the frost-work of fashion, and making social intercourse a cold, false, brilliant interchange of manners.

The volume that has called forth these remarks, is only the first; six is the intended number, and of these, the memoir, to be written by Sir James Mackintosh, (if our private information may be trusted) will scarcely be inferior in value to the rest of the work. Sir James was a fellow-student of Mr. Hall's at Aberdeen. With this memoir in prospect, it would be absurd to give such fragmentary information as may be gleaned from the passing publications his death occasioned, but we shall make a few extracts from an able and authentic pamphlet, written by one of his medical attendants, (Mr. Chandler, of Bristol,) detailing the circumstances of his illness and death.

"It is generally known, that throughout life, or at least from early youth, Mr. Hall was subject to acute pain in the back. When it is considered that this long-continued affliction was ascertained to have been occasioned by renal calculi, of a very singular if not unique conformation, it is surprising that his expression of suffering should have been so feeble, and his endurance of it so patient: but that under the severer goadings of these actual thorns in the flesh, he should rise superior to pain, and actually derive from it an additional excitement to his accustomed eloquence in preaching, and

deliver on such occasions some of the richest and most brilliant of his discourses, was as strikingly illustrative of the order of his mind, as it is signally demonstrative of the perennial resources of Christianity.

"It was discovered, in the posthumous research, that disease had commenced in the bones of the spine, about the lower part of the back and loins; and it has been ascertained, that, when a child, he manifested the symptoms of this disorder. As it was checked before it became too deep-seated, it has been suggested, perhaps not improbably, that the pain and irritation occasioned by the formation of the calculi in the kidney, became a counteracting means of a remedial tendency, and that to this cause we may possibly have been much indebted for his conservation to the world. Whilst, on the one hand, we have to regret that the recumbent position rendered necessary by the pain, which continued more or less through life, deprived us of what otherwise we might have received from his pen; on the other hand, we owe much to this very affliction, by its giving occasion to so beautiful a display of the Christian graces, of patient resignation and general sympathy with the sufferings of others.

"Our esteemed friend was subject, during the last five or six years of his life, to sudden attacks of difficult breathing. These attacks, consisting of laboured circulation of the blood through the lungs, produced more of terrific agony than of positive pain—a feeling as of impending dissolution, and that in one of its severest modes. So great was his distress, that he has often said to me, during and after an attack, that he could more easily suffer seven years unabated continuance of the pain in his back, acute as it was, than one half-hour of the conflict within his chest; and he always expressed a confidence, that if the attacks were to recur frequently, he should either not be able long to survive, or, (what he most dreaded,) he should be prevented from exercising himself in public, and be laid aside, in a state of great affliction to himself, and of distress to his family.

"The diseases which occasioned these attacks, were ultimately ascertained to have been a softened, and consequently weakened state of the muscular structure of the heart, and a chronic inflammatory process, going on in the interior membrane of the great arterial trunk, the whole course of which presented considerable disease, and which finally became more actively inflamed and ulcerated." p. 11—13.

"During this period, it has been increasingly delightful to witness, amongst the most unequivocal signs of an augmenting fatal disease, a remarkable advance in simplicity of mind and devotional ardour—qualities, indeed, conspicuously characteristic before, but now far more beautifully expressed. Our beloved pastor manifested, in his declining days, such a finish of Christian courtesy and dignified deportment, combining such genuine lowliness of heart with such true sublimity of mind, as evidenced him to be rapidly ripening, and nearly ready for the ingathering.

"The last few months of his life were singularly marked by a heavenly fervour in devotional exercises, both in the family and in the church, in which he would bear upon his heart the cases of all those who needed special intercession, with such minuteness and propriety, such affection, and such elegant delicacy of feeling, as tended, above all his other great and shining talents, to endear him to our hearts when living, as they will chiefly enbalm him in our memories now that he is removed." p. 16-17.

The following passages affecting detail the closing scene:—

"On entering his room, I found him sitting on the sofa, surrounded by his lamenting family; with one foot in the hot water, and the other

spasmodically grasping the edge of the bath; his frame waving in violent, almost convulsive heavings, sufficiently indicative of the process of dissolution. I hastened, though despairingly, to administer such stimulants as might possibly avert the threatening termination of life; and as I sat by his side for this purpose he threw his arm over my shoulders for support, with a look of evident satisfaction that I was near him. He said to me, 'I am dying: death is come at last: all will now be useless.' As I pressed upon him draughts of stimulants, he intimated that he would take them if I wished; but he believed all was useless. On my asking him if he suffered much, he replied, 'Dreadfully.' Therapidly increasing gasping soon overpowered his ability to swallow, or to speak, except in monosyllables, few in number, which I could not collect; but whatever might be the degree of his suffering, (and great it must have been,) there was no failure of his mental vigour or composure. Indeed, so perfect was his consciousness, that in the midst of these last agonies, he intimated to me very shortly before the close, with his accustomed courteousness, a fear lest he should fatigue me by his pressure; and when his family, one after another, gave way in despair, he followed them with sympathizing looks, as they were obliged to be conveyed from the room. This was his last voluntary movement; for immediately, a general convulsion seized him, and he quickly expired.

"It is not in my power adequately to represent the solemn and awful grandeur of this last scene. Our beloved pastor died from a failure of the vital powers of the heart, amidst the most vigorous energies of consciousness and volition; his placidity, and complacency of spirit being in striking contrast with the wild and powerful convulsions of a frame yielding in its full strength. The last struggle was violent, but short. The pains of dying were extreme; but they were borne with genuine Christian magnanimity. Peacefully he closed those 'brilliant eyes which had so often beamed upon us rays of benignity and intellectual fire.' Calmly, yet firmly, he sealed those 'lips which had so often charmed our ears with messages of divine mercy and grace.' And as he lay a corpse over my shoulder, he exhibited 'a countenance combining such peace, benevolence, and grandeur, in its silent expressions,' as have seldom been witnessed in the dead." p. 37—9.

"I have never before seen, and scarcely shall I again witness, a death, in all its circumstances, so grand and impressive; so harmonious with his natural character, so consistent with his spiritual life." p. 42.

Accidentally taking up a life of Pascal whilst writing these remarks on Robert Hall, we have been struck with one or two marked similarities in the lives and deaths of these illustrious men. Both manifested at a very early age the mastering intellect that afterwards bore fruit and came to perfection. Pascal was not twelve when he reasoned his way into geometry; and Robert Hall was still younger when he comprehended Jonathan Edwards's metaphysical and profound treatise on the 'Freedom of the Will.' Great part of the life of each was spent in acute and unceasing pain, which yet was not allowed to sour their spirits or interrupt intellectual research. Both consecrated their extraordinary powers to the supreme study of Christianity, and as their career approached its close, their minds and tempers shone more and more with that lambent light which issues in "perfect day." They grew into that serene simplicity, which is the last attainment even of Christianized greatness; and, in their closing hours, when an agonizing death

brought them into communion with their Master, they reciprocally turned from their own sufferings, to think and speak, with emphatic interest, of the sufferings of the poor. It is not intended to press the parallel: the mind of Pascal, acute as it was, never fully emerged from some errors; and his spirit, lovely as it was, was not wholly free from weakness: but of Robert Hall, we may say, without fear that any who knew him thoroughly will contradict us—He was preserved in the province of labour until age, if not death, must soon have terminated his work; and then, but not till then, like a shock of corn in its season fully ripe, but without any symptom of decay, without any blight on his genius, or the least mildew on his reputation, he was gathered to the assembly of the just, to a sphere of loftier intelligence and perfect purity.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his time; now first published from the originals, and illustrated with Notes: and a new Biographical Memoir of Garrick. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. I.

[Second Notice.]

It is difficult to give anything like a general character of this varied and miscellaneous volume. The mere list of the names of the correspondents, must have lead our readers to expect variety and entertainment, and they will not be disappointed. We have all the known men of the time brought before us, and some of the unknown seem not unworthy, from the merit of their letters, of their association with the "sons of fame." We need not wonder now at the vanity of which some of his contemporaries complained in the incomparable Davy. He must have been more than man, to have retained any vestige of humility, fed as he was on the very essence of adulation and flattery from wits, and lords, and countesses, and poets. We are enabled by this compilation, to come to a truer estimate of Garrick's character, than we could before. By the manner in which a man's friends speak to him, we come to as clear a view of his disposition, as by the manner in which they speak of him. On this account then, if on no other, this collection will be found eminently interesting, as there are few people of whose private conduct and general habits we wish to know more than of him, whose life was passed in the glare of fame and reputation; who, though a player, was the familiar friend of statesmen and philosophers; and whose death according to the pardonable hyperbole of Dr. Johnson himself, eclipsed the gaiety of nations. We shall make no more observations, but proceed to extract almost at random. Here is rather a sharp attack from the celebrated Mrs. Clive:—

"C. Clive to Mr. Garrick.

"October 14, 1765.

"Sir,—I beg you would do me the favour to let me know if it was by your order that my money was stopped last Saturday: you was so good, indeed, last week to bid me take care or I should be caught,—I thought you was laughing, and did not know it was a determined thipg.

"It was never before expected of a performer to be in waiting when their names are not in the papers or bills; the public are witness for me whether I have ever neglected my business. You may (if you please to recollect) remember I have never disappointed you four times since you have been a manager; I always have had

good health, and have ever been above subterfuge. I hope this stopping of money is not a French fashion; I believe you will not find any part of the English laws that will support this sort of treatment of an actress, who has a right, from her character and service on the stage, to expect some kind of respect.

"I have never received any favours from you or Mr. Lacy, nor shall ever ask any of you, therefore hope you will be so good to excuse me for endeavouring to defend myself from what I think an injury; it has been too often repeated to submit to it any longer. You stopped four days' salary when I went to Dublin, though you gave me leave to go before the house shut up, and said you would do without me. If I had known your intention, I would not have lost any of my salary, as my agreement with Mr. Barry did not begin till our house had shut up. I had my money last year stopped at the beginning of the season for not coming to rehearse two parts that I could repeat in my sleep, and which must have cost me two guineas, besides the pleasure of coming to town.

"I am sure I have always done everything in my power to serve and oblige you: the first I have most undoubtedly succeeded in; the latter I have always been unfortunately unsuccessful in, though I have taken infinite pains. Your dislike to me is as extraordinary as the reason you gave Mr. Sterne for it.

"The year Mrs. Vincent came on the stage, it cost me above five pounds to go to and from London to rehearse with her, and teach her the part of Polly; I could not be called on to do it, as it was long before the house opened,—it was to oblige Mr. Garrick. I have never envied you your equipages nor grandeur, the fine fortune you have already and must still be increasing. I have had but a very small share of the public money: you gave Mrs. Cibber 600*l.* for playing sixty nights, and 300*l.* to me for playing a hundred and eighty, out of which I can make it appear it cost me 100*l.* in necessities for the stage; sure you need not want to take anything from it.

"I have great regret in being obliged to say anything that looks like contention. I wish to be quiet myself, and I am sure I never laid any schemes in my life to make any one uneasy or unhappy. In regard to the affair of 'The Devil to Pay,' I sent my compliments to the managers by the prompter, at the beginning of the season, to beg that it might not be done till the weather was cool, as the quickness of the shift puts me into a flurry, which gives me a violent swimming in my head. When I was sent to, I recollected I had given my servant leave to go out, as I did not want her, who had the keys of all my things; neither had I the necessary things ready if she had been at home. I had a friend's equipage come for me from Greenwich to dine with them, and take my leave, as they are going to Bath for the recovery of her health. I was very unhappy after I was there, and the gentleman was so obliging to send one of his grooms, at half an hour after four, to let you know I would come if you could not do without me. I had a carriage ready with the horses put to when he came back, it wanted then some minutes of six.

"It is very happy for me that they happen to be people of consequence, who know the truth of what I say, and who will be very much surprised to hear how I have been treated. I have nothing more to add, but that I am,

"Your most obedient servant,

"C. CLIVE."

The following is a pleasant little note from Edmund Burke:—

"Edmund Burke to Mr. Garrick.

"Gregories, Friday.

"Well, since we are to see you, I am satisfied. I think, on the whole, you have disposed your

matters with judgment. You first sate yourself with wit, jollity, and luxury, and afterwards retire hither to repose your person and understanding on early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and a little clabber milk. As to my journey to Yorkshire, if I should go at all thither this summer, it will not be until late: I say if I go at all, because if I get the farm I propose into my hands, it will, I believe, keep me pretty well employed. The neighbour, whose name you could not read, is no other than your silver Thames, whose company would vastly improve this place. Richard is gone pleasuring to Oxford and Blenheim, but will meet you. Will is here, and continues. So we shall make things as agreeable to you as we can. Madam Burke is very happy to hear she is to see you and Mrs. Garrick in some reasonable time; about when may it be?

"Adieu, dear Garrick, and believe me most affectionately yours,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"Be so good to give my service and congratulation to the Paymaster."

An angry difference is well known to have sprung up between Garrick and Colman, respecting 'The Clandestine Marriage.' Some particulars of the parts written by each in this celebrated play, appears in the correspondence:—

"G. Colman Esq. to Mr. Garrick.

"Great Queen-street, Dec. 4, 1765.

"Since may return from Bath I have been told, but I can hardly believe it, that in speaking of 'The Clandestine Marriage,' you have gone so far as to say, 'Colman lays a great stress on his having written this character on purpose for me, suppose it should come out that I wrote it!' That the truth should come out is my earnest desire; but I should be extremely sorry, for your sake, that it should come out by such a declaration from you. * * *

"In the present case you must be sensible that such an insinuation from you must place me in that ridiculous light; but you know that it was not I, but yourself, who desired secrecy in relation to our partnership, and you may remember the reasons you gave for it. You know, too, that on the publication of the play the whole affair was to come out, and that both our names were to appear together in the title-page. * *

"I understood it was to be a joint work, in the fullest sense of the word; and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene, and cry, 'This is mine!' It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion, Hogarth's proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee-scene, at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act are yours: but in the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favourite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me. However, if that be the part of the play which you are desirous to rest your fame upon, I would not have differed with you about the glory of it; but cannot help being hurt at your betraying so earnest a desire to winnow your wheat from my chaff, at the very time that I was eager to bestow the highest polish on every part of the work, only in the hopes of perpetuating the memory of our joint labours, by raising a monument of the friendship between me and Mr. Garrick. If I could have awakened the genius of Shakespeare, I would have done it; not for the sake of adding to my reputation, but that it might reflect an honour on us both."

Their anger soon subsided; indeed, there is too much good sense and good feeling visible throughout the correspondence, to leave any doubt that the parties would soon

be reconciled, and the following interesting letters are dated the next year:—

"Mr. Colman to Mr. Garrick.

"Paris, July 21st, 1766.

"My Dear Garrick,—I have had both yours, and am extremely obliged to you for your very kind attention to my little boy; but I hope you will not let him be troublesome to you. I know he is very well taken care of; and yet I would give 50*l.* to be with him at present writing, though perhaps in that matter I consult my own happiness more than his. I have not been well since I left you, and yesterday se'nnight had so serious an attack of a very bad sort of fever, that Dr. Genn's melancholy face looked ten times more melancholy than usual. The fever is off; but the devil has got into my bowels, as well as poor Thomas's, and makes a little hell of my inside. Add to all this, I have had another boil, which falling on my thigh was inflamed by my breeches, and has brought me under the hands of a surgeon. Such is the present state of your friend. My complaints however are, I think, all on the mending side, and I hope soon to find myself on my legs again; the first use I shall make of them will be to run to England again; for all these accidents have thrown such a cloud over our expedition, that though I am very well disposed both to the place and the people, I see everything through the jaundiced medium of my ill health. To obtain money, ready money, of the Chevalier was absolutely impossible, for he had none, and nobody will lend him. After a good deal of rough riding, I have got him to accept bills of exchange payable in two and four months, at the end of which periods he must either fly the place, pay, or go to gaol. I took advice, and was told by everybody that this was the best thing I could do. You know he evaded accepting the draughts sent over to you. I have told him of them often enough. I have had a letter from England from a gentleman of some fashion, whom I never saw in my life. I long to tell you the contents, but after the confidence he has reposed in me, I dare not. However, I believe I shall be able to tell you when we meet. Riddle-me, riddle-me-ree!—I am so low, I have no stomach to the 'The Country Wife.' I am sorry you have lost Miss Wright. When you were ill abroad, were you so uneasy as I? I believe not. You are in port. My little bark is yet at sea, and if I am thrown from the helm, God knows what will become of the poor souls left on board the vessel!

"Oh, I have ta'en too little care of this!"—but I will take more and more, if I live. I have very little ambition. All I have ever desired has been a few of the common comforts of life; and all I wish is to leave those behind me not destitute of them. But this is melancholy and low-spirited. My little woman sends you her best love and thanks. Pray give mine to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me most cordially and affectionately,

"My dear Garrick, yours ever,
"GEORGE COLMAN."

"Mr. Colman to Mr. Garrick.

"Paris, July 27th, 1766.

"My Dear Friend,—As I sent you but a poor account of myself the other day, I cannot help seizing the opportunity of another private hand to tell you that I seem to be growing better every day. My lank jaws begin to recover flesh and colour, and though I am considerably fallen away, I hope to be visible without the help of a microscope by that time I reach England. * * * I was last night at the Italians, to see a new little piece called 'La Clochette,' and the *début* of an Italian dancer, (Guidetti his name is,) whom I think Monnet talked of sending you; but I suppose by this time he has dropped all thoughts of it, for he is one of the worst I ever

saw. A little grotesque pantomime at first, but no execution as a dancer, and so damned thick-winded, that he is only fit for Lacy's infirmary. Slingsby is here at the Opera, but did not dance when I was there. I met him one day in the street: he fixed his eyes upon me, and knew me, I am sure; but as he did not claim my acquaintance, I was not ambitious to solicit his, and so we passed without a word. 'La Clochette' is a mere trifle, not wholly despicable, written by the prompter. La Ruette (the man I mean) plays well in it, and Clairval very ill. Cailland, to my great mortification, is gone into the country to some Duke's. I saw him play Western in 'Tom Jones,' the night before, admirably. His dress is not altered, but all the rest are. Do you know anything of the quarrel between David Hume and Rousseau? It makes a great noise here. Baron d'Holback has had three letters from Hume about it, who, it seems, is to publish a pamphlet containing the whole story. Suard seems vastly hurt at Smollett's letters, and I suppose will give a suitable account of them in the *Gazette Litteraire*. Monnet brought me Favart the other morning, and seemed vastly happy at seeing two little authors together. In the fulness of his heart, he had told Favart that I had given a very fine translation of 'Telemachus.' Gravelot, it seems, had spoken handsomely to him of my Terence, and this was what he meant. I have agreed with Gravelot for the plates. The engravings will come to thirty guineas, which is to be paid by Becket & Co.; and the designs, which will come to twelve more, I make them a present of. When the plates are taken from them, I shall frame them and hang them round my room, and expect they will be mighty pretty furniture. Diderot told an English gentleman, he had dined with me at the Baron's, and that he wanted to see the 'Clandestine Marriage.' I happened to have one here, and sent it him by the gentleman, as a *donum ex authoribus*. I could make myself very happy here for a month or six weeks more at least; but to be locked up in a stinking metropolis all the summer, will not do for an invalid. The weather has been miserable, and so, I hear, it has been with you. I hope you got *Georgy-go-going* a good raspberry tart, and that he has been very saucy during his visit at Hampton. Madam sends her love to you; and moreover she will bring over a petticoat for Mrs. Garrick. We did intend returning by Dieppe and Brighthelmston, but we have at last settled for Calais and Dover. I long to be with you. I have made your compliments to everybody here. Changuan has been a very constant visitor during my illness, and we have had the pleasure of joining in abusing you more than once. I like him much. He seems a very honest man, and his spleen against the Chevalier is quite entertaining. Miss Ford sends her *baismains* to you, and most humble respects to Mrs. Garrick. My best love to her, and believe me here and everywhere, now and ever, dear Garrick,

"Most affectionately yours,
"G. COLMAN."

The following is one of Arthur Murphy's temperate and conciliatory letters, for the reader will observe that he desires to *avoid* all quarrelling:—

"Arthur Murphy to Mr. Garrick.

"Tuesday night, Sept. 30th, 1766.

"Sir,—I was really in hopes I never should have occasion to trouble you with a letter about any theatrical affairs again while I lived; and I was farther in hopes that you, Sir, would rest contented with the injuries you had upon many occasions done me. But, Sir, I find I am still to be persecuted by you, and even those I wish well to. To come to the point—

"It has been these three years (near four

years) that I had written for the advantage of Miss Elliot a new play, upon the subject of 'The Country Wife.' Mr. Yates, of your playhouse, and Mrs. Yates, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Woodward, all saw it three years ago. I have often mentioned it to Mr. Holland, though never shown it to him. It has been lately given up to Miss Elliot entirely, and this is known to people of the first fashion in England.

"Sir, though subjects lie in common, yet when a man has declared himself, I apprehend, in point of honour, Mr. Garrick should not attempt to forestall it: yet the same design is this day put in rehearsal at your playhouse. Luckily, you cannot wound me; but I leave it to yourself to judge whether it becomes Mr. Garrick to contend with a girl! When the fact is known to the first people in England that I have given it to her, I leave it to your own feelings to judge whether you ought to anticipate her! If you are afraid that she will do your house any mischief, why do not you give her a trial winter on your own stage? She and her play are at your service upon any terms! And this I say, though it depends upon herself to be engaged at Covent Garden.

"I vow to God I have no interest in this piece, and if it was not for her I would burn it. It consists of three plays of Moliere moulded into one. I want neither profit nor reputation from it. But I own I am stung to the very heart at this attempt to hurt *her*, and you must excuse me for explaining myself on the instant I heard of your intentions!

"I beg, Sir, (for I want no quarrels) that you will consider of this measure.

"I do not meddle with your designs. Why will you meddle with mine?

"I will say no more; for I feel myself much hurried by my feelings upon this business. The more so as it is the affair of a young girl to whom I am not ashamed to be a well-wisher.

"I hope, Sir, *you*, that have made your fortune, will not desire to clash with a poor girl. I say once more the play is known by the first people in England, and Mr. Beard has expected it any time these four years; but the want of Miss Elliot, for whom it was written, was the obstacle. Now, wherever she engages, the play must go. I hope once more you will consider of it.

"I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

"ARTHUR MURPHY.

"I write this from the Bedford Coffee-house, where I have not been these three years before.

"But as it is now near twelve, I desire it may not be sent to your house till to-morrow morning."

Murphy could write in a better spirit—the following is capital:—

"Arthur Murphy to Mr. Garrick.

"Lincoln's-inn, April 10th, 1769.

"My Dear Sir,—I am almost tempted to begin with a moral reflection upon procrastination, as Congreve says of business, 'it is the rub of life perverts our aim, and quite casts off our bias.' I could say much more against this foolish impotence of the mind, which is always deferring what it ought to do, resolving and yet never coming to action. This has been my case ever since your two favours reached me. I certainly will write to-morrow; and so to-morrow, and to-morrow, to this last syllable, has crept on, and yet no letter has been written. I have, however, been too hard upon poor procrastination! It is a beast of burden, to be sure, but ought not to be overloaded. It has been much to blame, no doubt; but yet the whole fault should not be laid at that door. Sometimes an attorney, with overwhelming brow, has broke in between us, and has left me in a brown study for the rest of the day. With spirits jaded, exhausted with law, which you know is a damna-

ble dry study, how could I take a pen in hand to address myself to you, who are boiled in Medea's kettle, and grown as young as ever you were! I hear of nothing from Bath but the wonderful progress you have made in the recovery of your health. The saffron tinge is quite gone, and everybody talks of your roses and lilies. Poor Derrick, I find, could not fight such a battle as you have done. He has left, as I understand, a number of competitors, and Bath is now involved in as violent a contest as the county of Middlesex. Next Thursday, it is expected, will be a busy day. Large sums are actually insured upon Lutterell's life; but he is game, and will face the danger boldly.

"Tiger Roach† (who used to bully at the Bedford Coffee-house, because his name was Roach) is set up by Wilks's friends to burlesque Lutterell and his pretensions. I own I do not know a more ridiculous circumstance than to be a joint candidate with the Tiger. O'Brien used to take him off very pleasantly, and perhaps you may, from his representation, have some idea of this important weight. He used to sit at a table all alone, with a half-starved look, a black patch upon his cheek, pale with the idea of murder, or with rank cowardice, a quivering lip, and a downcast eye, which, if it was ever raised, was raised only like poor Dido's (I do not mean Reed's Dido, but Virgil's)—

Quævisit celo lucem, ingemuitque reperto.

So far for the description of my hero. In that manner he used to sit alone, and his soliloquy, interrupted now and then with faint attempts to throw off a little saliva, was to the following effect: 'Hut! hut!—a mercer's apprentice with a bag-wig—d—n my s—l, if I would not *skiver* a dozen of them like larks!—Hut! hut! I don't understand such airs!—I'd cudgel him back, breast, and belly for three skips of a louse!—How do you, Pat? Hut! hut! God's blood!—Larry, I'm glad to see you—Prentices!—a fine thing indeed!—hut! hut! How do you do, Dominick?—D—n my s—l, what's here to do?' These were the meditations of this agreeable youth. From one of these reveries he started up one night, when I was there, called a Mr. Bagnell out of the room, and most heroically stabbed him in the dark, the other having no weapon to defend himself with. In this career the Tiger persisted, till at length a Mr. Lennard brandished a whip over his head, and stood in a menacing attitude commanding him to ask pardon directly. The Tiger shrank from the danger, and with a faint voice pronounced, 'Hut! what signifies it between you and me?—well! well! I ask your pardon,!' 'Speak louder, Sir; I don't hear a word you say.' And indeed he was so very tall, that it seemed as if the sound sent feebly from below could not ascend to such a height."

We are here presented with the great Lord Chatham in a new light.

"Lord Chatham to Mr. Garrick.

"Burton-Pynsent, April 3rd, 1772.

"Dear Sir,—Nothing but my hand is guilty in leaving your very obliging letter so long unacknowledged. I now make the earliest use of its returning strength to express how much I feel your flattering sensibility, upon a sincere tribute to genius and universal talents.

"As our own age owes more to them for improvement as well as delight than it is able to pay, I might have it upon my conscience were I not to bring my mite of praise towards discharging this favourite branch of the national debt, which, however, must, I foresee, remain to late posterity. Need I say what charms the verses from Mount Edgumbe have for all here? or, that the sentiment which dictated

"Tiger Roach—A very interesting sketch of the Coffee-house bully, so named—who seemed lineally descended from the Mohocks of Addison's day.—Ed."

them makes me justly vain? You have kindly settled upon me a lasting species of property I never dreamed of in that enchanting place: a far more able conveyancer than any in Chancery-lane; for instead of laboriously perplexing rights, you, by a few happy lines, at once both create the title and fix the possession. Accept, my dear Sir, many sincere wishes that you may hear no more of that cruel kinsman to the gout, by which you have been so lately visited, and believe me with all esteem and regard,

"Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"CHATHAM.

"TO MR. GARRICK.

IN ANSWER TO HIS VERSES FROM MOUNT EDGUMBE.

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay:
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat!
Yet here no wonders your quick eye can meet:
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured, and an un-passion'd mind:
A Statesman without pow'r, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Yet 'ry alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And interspersed, an heart-cult'ning train
Of sporting children frolic o'er the green;
Meantime, pure Love looks on, and consecrates the scene.

Come then, immortal Spirit of the Stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age,
Come, taste the simple life of patriarchy old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp,
or gold."

With the following, one of many pleasant letters from the same writer, we must conclude for the present:—

"Dr. J. Hoadly to Mr. Garrick.

"Oct. 27th, 1767.

"Dear David,

"I begin not to be satisfied with the dribbles of *thin potations* that Keate affords me now and then of your health and Madam's. There is more comfort in honest Richard Warner, than in him; who saw you *last* the last year, and *first* this season with the true original spirit of *Ranger* upon you. It will comfort the old *Stage-monger* to have a line from your original self upon you and your doings, and your future doings. An old hunter *commodities* up his ears, (as the old spinster worded it,) if he but hears a single hound lifting up his throat; and enjoys the *old stuff*, though he has never a leg to his body.

Old John again halloo the hare,
And turns her in his wicker chair.

"Now you talk of a leg, I have two wooden ones, as long almost as my body, which I clap on occasionally to my shoulders, and *feague it away, i' faith!* You would tremble, if you saw me, at the thoughts of what might have happened when I *peppered your peeper* at Bath. I think I am improved in my style, since we met last.

"To return therefore—I have gotten a nomination of our poor widow's son into Christ Church Hospital next Easter, from no less a man than his Grace of Bedford—supposing she tells me truly, (which I still scarce believe,) that Clergy-orphans are actually preferred to freemen's sons of the city. If so, the hospital would be filled with none else by this time. I forget whether I told you the fate of all your letters to her father. I mentioned gently your desire, that proper care might be taken that they might not get into other hands, and a bad use be made of them: and the next time I saw her, she told me she had burned them all—a *fate they did not deserve*, as she added—a foolish woman!—Now a *qu*, arises, whether your mind is more distressed, or more at ease? Be comforted: though they were your own children, they had better be dead than a disgrace to you. Rest their souls! The lady is gone to live at Salisbury, where, it seems, lodging is more reasonable, *i. e.* where she has yet no *duns*.

"Talk to me of plays and players, and theatres and *this-gs*. What say you of Mrs. Dancer? A *gemman*, who is (I think) no *great* judge, a *correspondent*, the first letter of whose name is *Warner*, says she is *nulli secunda* in Mrs. *Sigismunda*. Doctors differ, and in nothing so much as acting. Keate says *nay*. New plays you have: now I, who was ever the support of your stage, will recommend some old ones—first the droppings of Shakspeare's tap. What has become of 'Timothy Atkins, or the Man Eater?' A good drip, master Gar. 'Julius Caesar'—Barry a tolerable Cassius; Holland a good haranguing Anthony; Love an excellent Casca, (but not spliced with Titinius, as it used to be acted); and the philosophical Brutus, the Garrick—but you must pare your nails on a Monday morning fasting, without thinking upon a white fox's tail, *i. e.* you must never turn a thought upon *Rag-andjiw*, in 'The Parson's Theatrical Garret.' What think you of playing *Iago*, to Barry's *Othello*? where, though you may see faults, he is generally admired. The town has for years sighed to see *Volpone* at Drury Lane. 'The Voluptuary Magnifico' would afford good acting, and in a style you have not been seen in, especially varied with 'The Mountebank,' for in *Mosca* you do not like the *business*, any more than in *Truewit*, as I have heard you say. 'Bessus' I cannot say I have much hopes of, though you once resolved to revive it, the other parts are so *outrée*. *Dixi*.

"Now you must know, that we and our royal court move next week to St. Cross, near Winchester, for the winter. And now pray, Sir, and Madam, how came you not to come near my *pudden* at Southampton as you promised? I hope your rib is in better plight than mine, whose soul and spirit, that used to aspire to the regions of mirth and joy, are now *even in her shoes*. Where must my heart be then?

"Her good wishes attend her and you, with those of dear David,

"Your affectionate Fubzy,

"J. HOADLY."

Love: a Poem. By the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes.' 3rd Edition. 1831: London, Steill; Sheffield, Pearce.

LITERATURE is, after all, something of a lottery: two men may equally desire and deserve a five thousand pound prize; but, for want of thinking of the lucky number, or for want of buying it when thought of, one of them misses it. This simile will not hold throughout; because there are no lotteries now; and winning a prize was no merit when they existed; and because merit has a great deal to do with the buying and selling of mind. Nevertheless, literary success and lottery success have, or had, *some* things in common. 'Love, a Poem,' was published originally in 1823, with another poem, and a letter to Lord Byron; and the author's name (E. Elliot) was appended to the volume. It was not "in the name of the prophet, Figs," for the poem was as good as it is now—it received a bantering, good humoured review in *Blackwood*—got through two editions in seven years; but still it made little impression on the public—no literary hue and cry was raised after E. Elliot—every Magazine reared its own poetry—and 'Love' was left, like *Virtue*, to be its own reward.

In 1831 appears a sixpenny pamphlet of 'Rhymes,'† on a subject apparently as much opposed to poetic inspiration, as 'Love' was in accordance with it—on no other subject

† See *Athenæum*, No. 189, June 11.

than the 'Corn Laws,'—and straightway public curiosity is roused—letters of inquiry are written concerning the author—the sixpenny pamphlet is quoted and praised at home, and is partially translated into French prose;—finally, a new edition of our old friend, 'Love,' appears, not as in 1823, bearing the writer's proper name, but "By the Author of Rhymes on the Corn Laws," in large letters. The rhymes that the author probably threw off in the play of a powerful mind, make his reputation, and are employed to further the progress of his long and elaborate poem. The pamphlet takes precedence of the book—does not this somewhat bear out our remark concerning the lottery?

'Love' is now printed without its former companions, 'The Giaour' and the 'Letter to Lord Byron': it is an elegant, interesting, and cultivated production—containing several tales told with much of Crabbe's manner, and some very sweet descriptive passages; but it has not the bold terse vigour of the 'Rhymes': it is not at all political—contains nothing that will allow the *Revue de Paris* to call it "*Poésie Radicale*," and compare it to the "*Fision du laboureur Pierce* (Pierce Ploughman); the said *Revue* cannot, as it did the 'Rhymes,' call it "*Une poésie sans idéalité, mais forte dans son cynisme, et un révélation admirablement curieuse des agitations qui se cachaient au sein de cet état social*." Neither can they speak of its characteristics in similar terms: "*énergie de pensée et de diction—rudeesse de versification—âpreté d'ironie—violence d'indignation*," &c. 'Love' is a good poem, that will well repay the reader's perusal; but the seven years that have elapsed since its first appearance have greatly matured and invigorated the author's mind; and the allusion to himself in one of the following extracts will be read with peculiar and respectful interest. We repeat our old assertion, that he is an extraordinary man.

Let Luxury, sickening in Profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And while he feeds him bluish and tremble too!
But Love and Labour blush not—fear not you!
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)
With rugged hands shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour! cast away thy fear;
Mother of men! be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair—
Remember Arkwright and the peasant Clare:—
Burns o'er the plough sung his sweet wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.

O Thou, whose brightening wing is plumed with light,
At once that pinions beauty and its might—
Thou true Prometheus, by whose lore was taught
To fix on adamant the fleeting thought,
Star-ruling science, calculation strong,
The march of letters, and the array of song!
Twin-born with Liberty, and child of Love,
Woe-conquering Knowledge! when wilt thou remove
Th' opprobrium of the earth—the chained in soul?
When wilt thou make man's deadliest sickness whole?

But me no guide through academic shade
Led to the cell where glory's spoils are laid;
And shall my hand, for joyous task unmeet,
Presume, O Love! to scatter at thy feet,
Instead of roses, nightshade—and instead
Of fragrance, chaplets gathered from the dead?
Self-taught, and ill, my notes uncouth I try,
And chaunt my rugged English, ruggedly,
To gloomy themes. Ye, sick with hope deferred,
I hear a voice, though mournful, proudly heard;
And I have planted on my destined tomb
A pensive tree, that bends in storm and gloom,
Unseen, unknown. Oh when shall it repair,
In lonely moonlight, beautiful and sweet,
The weeping bough? and flourish green and fair,
Where slighted maidens mourn, and ghosts of lovers meet!

The March of Hannibal from the Rhone to the Alps. By Henry Lawes Long, Esq. London, 1831. Rodwell.

THIS is by one of the Dryasdusts, and it does infinite credit to the family. Dr. Parr used to say, that the age of great scholars was past, and that he believed he was himself the only one remaining of that race of men who could sit down with pleasure to devour a folio. Mr. Long, however, does better still—he devours folios, and digests them into duodecimos.

We cannot say that the results of this process are altogether to our liking in the present instance; at least, the book before us is more in the taste of such "great scholars" as Dr. Parr, than in that of the mere duodecimo men of to-day. This is a pity; for there is no subject on which learning, taste, feeling, and fancy, might be more readily and happily united than the March of Hannibal.

Our readers know that the precise route of the Carthaginian general has long been a matter of dispute among the learned. This, it seems, is the fault of Livy—a sort of modern himself—who, after borrowing his materials from Polybius, arranged them with the confusion and inconsequentiality peculiar to himself. For our own part, we thank heaven we care as little as may be about Livy; and, indeed, to say the truth, our associations with the name are all more painful than pleasant; yet we cannot help standing up for the worthy Roman on a particular point connected with this subject.

Mr. Long may sneer as much as he likes at the geography of Livy, which we freely allow is somewhat in the predicament of Lord Duberly's cacology; but since he presumes to talk disrespectfully of his "portents and prodigies," we feel ourselves called upon to lay before him, and all the learned, a communication, which we trust will act as a corrector for the future.

Among the "prodigies" is the trifling fact of Hannibal's *melting the rocks* which impeded his passage over the Alps. This is what our nautical friends would call a "tough yarn;" and yet it is true. The following is a letter on the subject, which the writer of this notice received yesterday from a valued friend:—

"The information I promised this forenoon to furnish you with, on the mode practised in South Africa of *burning rocks*, (as the classical process of dissolving is there termed,) is briefly as follows:

"While I resided in the interior of the Cape Colony, as the head of a party of settlers, I had occasion to make a road through a very wild ravine or pass, of many miles in length, formed by the course of the Bavoon's (or Baboon's) River, in order to open a track for wheel-carriages from our location to the plains below. The ravine being exceedingly encumbered with rocks, and huge blocks of stone which had rolled down from the adjacent mountains, it became necessary, in numerous instances, to remove these, or else abandon our object. To have blasted them with gunpowder, in the usual mode, was out of our power: we neither possessed the necessary implements, nor adequate skill in using them. What, then, was to be done? Some of the intelligent Hottentots, who were assisting in the work, suggested that we should *burn the rocks*; and related instances of their having assisted in clearing away similar obstructions by this process, in another quarter of the

colony. I was surprised by the suggestion, and at first somewhat incredulous of its feasibility; but after the process had been minutely described to me, and instances mentioned of its success, I instantly determined to give it a fair trial. Accordingly we went to work in the following manner:

"We collected a large quantity of dry fire-wood, which the neighbouring thickets abundantly supplied; and having piled it around the first large mass of rock that lay in our way, set it on fire, and continued to throw on more fuel, till my Hottentot instructors pronounced the block sufficiently heated. The burning embers being then hastily cleared off, five or six men, who stood ready with buckets of water, dashed them at once upon the rock. The sudden transition of temperature produced its natural effect; and the mass, which twenty men could not stir, split into several pieces, which, with a little exertion, were rolled out of the pathway. And in this manner we continued working for several weeks, until we had *burned out* all the rocks and blocks of stone that obstructed our line of road.

"I afterwards saw at the village of Graaff Reinet, in the same colony, a far greater work effected by the same means, under the direction of my friend Captain Stockenström, chief magistrate of the district. This was the bed of a canal, by which the waters of the Sunday River were led out to irrigate all the gardens and cultivated grounds belonging to the place. It was necessary, at one place, to carry this canal along the front of a rocky hill, entirely covered with rocks and huge blocks of stone; and the whole of these obstructions, I was told, had been removed by the process of *rock burning* I have just described.

"It appears by a letter which I have recently received from my friend Mr. —, now travelling in the West Indies, (and who is also personally known to yourself,) that the same process has been discovered, and is now employed for similar purposes, by the negro engineers of Hayti, and that with a scientific ingenuity and on a scale which quite outstrips our South African proceedings. The following is the passage of my correspondent's journal, which refers to this subject:—

"The Escalier is the recent construction of Colonel Thomas, a negro of the English island of St. Christopher's, a meek, intelligent, but simple and uneducated man. It exhibits consummate skill, and a wonderful degree of patient labour. The immense masses of rock which filled the bottom of the chasm, were reduced to fragments by a fortunate process, discovered by mere accident, but advantageously applied to the erection of the road. The trees which filled the pathway, and which it was necessary, in the first instance, to clear away, could only be removed from the hollow glen by burning them where they were felled. In the progress of this labour it was found that the huge rocks of limestone, heated by the fire, had broken into shivers after a shower of rain, and now lay in a heap of small fragments where formerly they stood an immovable mass. This accidental discovery enabled the director of the works not merely to overcome every obstacle, but to apply the materials, so conveniently gathered on the spot, to the walling and paving of the chasm, and thus to build a road, where they had thought they should have been compelled to create one by mining. Perhaps the Commentators on the March of Hannibal over the Alps, described in Livy as effected by dissolving the rocks, will find the apparent incredibility of the story sufficiently explained away, by the process of pouring water on the heated limestone, as practised by another African in constructing another Alpine road, the Escalier of Plaisance."

"My correspondent speaks of the operations in Hayti being restricted to limestone rocks.

This was not, however, the case with us at the Cape. We found it almost equally efficacious on whin-stone, trap, and on other hard rocks common in the country.

"These few remarks are entirely at your service, to employ in any way you choose; and may, if you consider it of the slightest advantage, be given on my authority.

"Yours very truly,
"THOMAS PRINGLE."

It would be unfair to conclude without saying that Mr. Long's book is a learned and a very ingenious production.

The Club-book: being original Tales, &c.; by various Authors. Edited by the Author of 'The Dominie's Legacy.'

[Third Notice.]

In our promised extract from the tale by Mr. Allan Cunningham we shall reverse the order of our proceedings, take no notice of the story, which we could not do justice to, but give the very admirable sketch of the character of the hero, full of power and nature.

"In a border county, which for the present must be nameless, where the cultivated ground joins the natural pasture-land, there lived a man some five-and-forty years ago, whose sole pleasure was to see his flocks increase, his crops flourish, markets rise, and money come in. This man was an only son, and had survived his parents. When a babe in his mother's bosom the minister of the parish spilt water on his face, quoted scripture, and, with a grave look, said, 'Gilbert,' but the peasantry of the district possessed a power in baptism, even beyond that of the church, and scarcely waiting till the child became a man, young and old hailed him by the name of 'Gowden Gibbie.'

"The church is uninspired in matters of human concernment and character, and throws away the fine names of the land upon the inglorious and the unworthy. We have Cæsars without courage—Alarics without ferocity, and Michael Angelos without genius. The peasantry bestow names with a more discerning spirit—in the name they express the man and hit his character with equal skill and sagacity—and so it fared with Gilbert. The to-name stamped his image in body and soul, and as his whole hope of fame is through it alone, I shall allow it to remain, without meaning any irreverence towards the church, by adopting a name which it did not bestow.

"Now Gowden Gibbie was a very remarkable person, and when the world is wise enough to love the social biography of men who neither fight battles nor write books, but whose character and ample means influence the countryside where they live, then will the name of Gibbie be heard of in the land, and quoted upon 'Change; and the sculptor's chisel, and the painter's brush will be employed on his looks. He was in truth a singular man; woman he regarded as an expensive idol, on whose altar man offered up his soul, and what was worse, his substance. He conceived that she was made purposely to invade man's repose,—pillage his purse, and, by her changeable mood and changeable variety, convert this green and pleasant earth into a sort of supplemental purgatory. Woman came not within his scheme of household prudence, and he therefore dismissed her from his whole system of in-door and out-door economy, and intrusted the entire management of his estate to the wisdom and frugality of man. Yet he was not one of those sordid sinners who love to sit and flourish like a potato on a heap of dung. He was a man active and stirring and cleanly, who loved a bright fire and a well-swept hearth—a soft bed, and some-

thing comfortable for supper;—who wore a well-brushed coat, and shining silver buckles in his shoes, and could crack a pleasant joke and chaunt a cheerful song, as well as any woman-worshipper in the whole district. * * *

"As he grew old, the love of gain grew with Gowden Gibbie also, and became a passion which, like the serpent-rod of the prophet, devoured all other feelings. Money was his mistress, nay, his goddess, and he bowed himself day and night at the feet of this golden Dalilah. The sound of silver was in his ears far sweeter than music; and when he saw gold, his eyes sparkled, and he discoursed of its value and of its uses like one inspired. On all other topics, save that of gain, he talked calmly and coldly: but on it he was rapt, eloquent, and imaginative. When a boy at school, he loved to read of troy-weight, by which silver and gold were weighed; and, moreover, he thought it unfair to multiply two figures together without producing something, and boldly seceded from Dilworth and Cocker, and said, 'twice nought's one!' He carried the same poetic principle of increase into all his speculations.

"Yet it must not be imagined that he shut his eyes to the light of knowledge, or was unacquainted with those stores of pleasure and information, which the geniuses of his country had accumulated. He was a lover of poetry, and I have heard him repeat, nay chaunt, with visible emotion, the description of Susan Pye—

On every finger she wears a ring,
On her middle finger she has three,
With as much gold above her eye
As would buy a baron's land to me.

"He would, he said, that the country swarmed with such meritorious damsels; but where, he inquired, would be found such windfalls except in song?

"In scripture knowledge, Gibbie was likewise great, and had by heart the whole chapter concerning the molten calf. He could lecture, too, on the surpassing splendour of Solomon's temple—on the floors of silver and ceilings of pure gold; and hold forth, like any young episcopalian divine, on whose sight the glory of a cathedral was dawning, concerning the wings of the cherubim, and the untold talents of beaten gold which the fabric took. But the account of the golden statue which the king of Babylon placed on the plain of Dura, and called on all people to fall down and worship, he considered the choicest passage in scripture. He was of opinion, that Solomon's wealth was a sure proof of his wisdom; but then, what were all the riches of the men of Israel compared to those of the Babylonian? The colossal size and vast weight of the Syrian idol filled his imagination, and he exhausted his arithmetical knowledge, including the supplemental discovery of 'twice nought's one!' in an attempt to calculate the actual number of spade guineas which it would have produced." ii. 133—9.

We now conclude our notice of this work with again recommending it as a very pleasant one.

DIVINES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—
Vols. 13 & 14.—*Jeremy Taylor*, Vols. I. & II. London, 1831. Valpy.

This series of works is one of the most valuable reprints of the day. We have often heretofore, and at some length, enlarged upon its merits; but the very modest advertisement prefixed to the well-written biographical memoir of Taylor, has determined us to say another good word for it on the present occasion.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

This is always an entertaining work, and frequently contains very valuable papers—but we must notice an article on Spain in the present number, which is unworthy of its high

character. We do not quarrel so much with the blunders and exaggeration of the article, as with its pretensions. We suspect that the writer never in his life set foot in the country. We have no doubt that fifteen-twentieths of the whole article is translated from Dr. Faure's book, which it professedly reviewed, although we have a display of authorities quite startling. We presume so, for it happens by strange ill fortune, that the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, published at Edinburgh, has an article on the 'Spanish System of Entails'; and if any of our readers be curious in coincidences, they will find that both these original articles have exactly the same facts, illustrations, reflections, and in some instances exactly the same words! The article in the *Foreign Quarterly* is most elaborately particular—but as the writer was wholly ignorant of the subject, and has taken the remaining fifth from the 'Year in Spain,' and other well-known works, he has been unable to reconcile all the stolen opinions, and we have accordingly the most absurd contradictions, to say nothing of errors, which he has transferred bodily, and into which no two writers could possibly have fallen. We say this in the best possible temper, and with proper respect for the general conduct and management of the *Foreign Quarterly*; and we trust the writer of the article will receive our judgment with becoming modesty, and not, like Professor Rennie, challenge us to the proof.

MONTAGU'S ORNITHOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I have not had an opportunity of examining Mr. Rennie's work till within the last few days, and, if I may judge of Mr. Rennie's temper by his letter to you, I am pretty sure that if any writer had copied, as he has done from my work, '*Ornithologia*,' a whole page on the SLEEP OF BIRDS without acknowledgment, from any of his works, the writer, whoever he might be, would soon have heard of it, and pretty loudly. I take the earliest opportunity of thus publicly stating this, as well as to say that there are other things in Mr. Rennie's edition of Montagu, to which I shall in a short time advert.† There is, however, one that I cannot at present pass over. Mr. Rennie has thought it his duty in stating his objections to the *quinary arrangement*, to insinuate that it leads to atheism; that "the language," to which he objects, "also becomes more mischievous and dangerous from its having made its appearance in works intended for young persons, and for general readers—I allude to the '*ORNITHOLOGIA*' of JENNINGS, and to the '*Gardens and Menageries of the Zoological Society Delineated*.'"

Now, Sir, I have to answer, that Mr. Rennie called upon me last year, and told me, in conversation, that his own children were so much pleased with my *Ornithologia* that they had nearly worn it out in perusing it: so that Mr. Rennie, a professor of King's College, suffered a "mischievous and dangerous" book to be thus used by his own children.

In regard to the *quinary arrangement*, for which, by the way, every one who has read my work must perceive I am no very zealous advocate, it does nevertheless appear to me one, which, if true and founded in nature, would lead to directly the reverse of atheism: it tends to prove the order and design of Providence in a striking and remarkable manner.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
JAS. JENNINGS.

No. 14, Goswell Road,
August 1st, 1831.

† We have reduced Mr. Jennings's letter to one-half. He here complains of a positive wrong, and, so far, has a right to be heard. But we will not provoke controversy in the pages of the *Athenæum*, though no man knows better than Mr. Rennie that we do not shrink from it.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE SWALLOW.

‘WELCOME, bird of the wandering wing,
Thou first sweet smile of the laughing Spring!
Since last the leaflets of Autumn fell,
Where hast thou journeyed?—tell me, tell.’

‘Far and fleetly, by land and sea,
Lay the sunny track of my mate and me,
To the Guadalquivir’s infant rill,
And the orange-groves of the gay Seville.

‘And gaily, gaily our blue wings played
In the olive-groves and the almond’s shade;
And we flew, when their blossoms were drooped
And gone,

To the isles of spice and the bright Ceylon;—

‘By many a sea, and many a land,
The woody plain, and the stony strand,
The mountain’s top, and the city’s domes,
By kingly towers and happy homes.”

‘And fields of fame have been fought and won
Beneath thy course since its flight begun;
Say, have ye seen them, or have ye heard?
Tell me, tell me, my bright blue bird.’

‘We heard the shout of the crashing strife—
We heard the shriek of departing life,
And the heavy throb of the distant gun;
But we swept aside, and we hurried on.”

‘But the good and the brave have passed away
Since I saw ye speed on your merry way;
And the great and the good, and the brave who
fell,

Heard ye not of them?—tell me, tell.’

‘Far, far beneath us we heard the hum
Of the wailing crowd and the muffled drum;
And we knew that one of the good was gone,
But we trimmed our wings, and we hurried on.”

‘Or heard ye the shout of the thrall’s slave,
In freedom’s joy o’er his tyrant’s grave?
For tyrants have died, and the slave been free,
Since our land was gladdened by Spring and thee.’

‘We lingered not in our onward speed,
Though we heard the shout of the newly freed;
And far and flashing the joy-fires shone,
We but come and see, and are past and gone;—

‘For we drink the dew and we kiss the flower
In the southern grove and the Indian bower;
And we love not to look on the maddening horde,
And the reeking steed, and the gory sword.

“‘Tis a field of blood—the field of fame;
And the sword can win but an empty name;
And from bower to bower careering thus,
What are its fears and its joys to us?

‘And why should we seek for the good who die,
Or list to the moan of a nation’s sigh?—
When next our wings sweep past the spot,
His bones are dust and his name forgot.

‘And why should we joy at the tyrant’s fall,
When the nations shout at his riven thrall?
We go and we come—and oft ere then,
The slave has turned to his bonds again.

‘We chase the summer—its sunny bowers—
We are up and away when the welkin lowers;
And from bower to bower careering thus,
What are the slave and the free to us?”

‘Bright bird of Summer, what joys are thine!
Voice of the Spring! if thy wings were mine,
My merry course should be with thee,
To the orange grove and the banian tree;—
For who would dwell in the wintry chill,
And the gloom and the cares of this world of ill,
If he could borrow thy wings and stray
In chase of the summer with thee away?’

Belfast.

J. K. B.

ABBOTSFORD.

On the 27th of July we parted with “Bonnie Dumfries,” as the Duchess of Bedford very truly calls it—bade farewell to Criffel, the fairest of mountains—and Solway, the sweetest of all seas—and penetrated into the vale of Yarrow, by the way of Moffat. We bowed as we went along to Bodsbeck, the abode of the last of those drudging goblins called Brownies, and the scene of one of Hogg’s tales, and visited the Gray Mare’s Tail, a wild torrent of that name, which Loch Skene flings from the summit of her pasture mountains over cliffs, the abode of the eagle, into the great pass of Moffatdale. We had never been in that land before; and on reaching Birkhill, where the waters of Dumfriesshire run one way, and those of Selkirkshire another, we were conscious of being about to enter the enchanted region of Poetry and Romance. The hills on either side rose lofty, steep, and green; white, in many places, with innumerable sheep, and differing from the brown heathery eminences of Dumfriesshire and Galloway in one important feature of beauty—namely, they were one and all covered with the greenest grass from base to summit. Between them St. Mary’s Lake lies like a fine mirror, in which the hills on either side, with all their sheep and shepherds, are reflected calm and fair. We looked for the Chapel of the Lowes; but it is past and gone, and lives only in the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel;’ and we looked for Wordsworth’s swans, but they are gone too—swan and shadow. In truth, the wild swan is but the winter guest of this fine lake; and even in winter, it comes seldom. The last of the race was of great size and beauty, and was shot some years ago by a gentleman, who sent it to Altrive; the Shepherd presented it to Sir Walter Scott, who, in his turn, bestowed it upon the Edinburgh Museum, where the majestic bird may be seen stuffed. If we did not see Wordsworth’s swans, we felt that pastoral melancholy of which the poet speaks; and in this mood we parted with the lonely lake and Dryhope Tower, the residence of Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, and followed the course of the water of that name on its way to the banks of the Tweed.

Though the mark and aim of our journey was Abbotsford and Chiefswood, we had promised ourselves pleasures by the way; and accordingly, on moving along, we looked out for Altrive Lake, the abode of the “far-kenned and noted” Shepherd of Ettrick. Now, in this land the population is thin—there are no mile-stones, and what is better, no toll-bars—and what is sorrowful, no houses of refreshment; and moreover, to a citizen of “credit and renown,” the whole vale, with all its associations of verse and prose, may seem naught and barren. But to him who knows how to seek such things, there is milk and honey, and trout and lamb, and as much information, old and new, as would fill a hundred pages of a traveller’s volume. Any maiden, whom ye may chance to meet, will, with small entreaty, supply you with milk, if you ask for water; and any shepherd will give you information on any subject reaching from the present hour to the days of Robert Bruce. We had arrived at that part of the valley where the growing corn and the natural grass meet, when we inquired of a boy where Altrive was, and if

Hogg was at home. “Yon house is Altrive, (said the boy,) and yon man fishing is Mr. Hogg: cry, and he’ll hear you.” We lifted up our voice, but the murmur of the stream drowned it; and as we advanced upon him, ‘bout ship went the Shepherd, and, with a heavy creel of trouts, began to wend his way home: at length he heard us, and marvelling, no doubt, what manner of people we were, came slowly to meet us. Now, we were known to the poet of old—he had heard, too, that we were in these parts; so he began to quicken his pace, and before we met, his whole face was radiant with joy—dilated with gladness. “God, man! but I’m glad to see you!” was the first exclamation, followed by a hearty, vigorous shake of both hands, after the manner of the Great Minstrel of Abbotsford. “You must come and dine with me, you and all your following; na, nae murmuring, man—I am omnipotent here, and can command you. I have two friends also who will be glad to see you; besides, you must taste our Yarrow cheer—our mutton, our trout, and our whiskey.”

The house of the poet is a lonely one, and not very large; nor is the land very fertile around; but to make amends for all this, the fine water of Yarrow is some bow-shot distance—a burn well stored with trout runs past the very door—and, better than all, the wife of the poet, a prudent and clever lady, keeps the whole in good order, and presides over the in-door economy of her dwelling-place in a way worthy of more worldly prosperity. We had a pleasant chat about things bygone—how we met of old on Queensberry Hill, with the Lay of the Last Minstrel and a bottle of Ferintosh for our companions—how we lingered at a Thornhill fair till the morning stars shone—and how we discoursed in old Dumfries on the merits of all poets living and dead. During all this we made use of our eyes, and looked at the Shepherd’s library—a small but valuable collection; at his pictures on the wall, among which we remarked a clever portrait of one of his children—a likeness of a fine collier—and two of Martin’s exquisite engravings, one of them the Fall of Nineveh. The Scottish games of Inverleithing were talked of, where wrestling, pitching the bar, throwing the sledgehammer, and archery, are practised in the presence of the noblemen and gentlemen of the district, and in which the Shepherd himself takes a leading part. He invited us anxiously to these sports, held on the 2nd of August—showed us certain silver buttons, with suitable devices, sent to him by a Scottish nobleman, to be worn on that day—and, finally, producing a good yew bow six feet long, dared us to attempt to string it. Now, in a vain moment, we had said something of our skill with this old weapon, and the Poet, who sorely misdoubted us, had a roguish twinkle in his eye, as we handled the bow in such sort as bow was never handled before; we nevertheless lodged the string, and our entertainer spared us further proof of our skill. The dinner was excellent—broth of the best, trout, lamb and haggis; and when their reliques were removed, the Shepherd set on the table a massive punch-bowl of solid silver, the gift of Mr. Franks; and with no little knowledge he mixed the whiskey and the sugar and water. As this pleasing tippie went round, we said, “What is your pen about now, Mr. Hogg?”—“Pen!” said he,

"it might as well be in the goose's wing; I cannot get writing any for the visits of my friends: I'm never a day without some."—We looked at the two guests to whom he had formerly alluded: they looked at us; and we all perhaps felt that a man might be ruined by the visits of thoughtless friends.

Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
Crowdie three times in a day;
And if ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

We tore ourselves reluctantly away from Altrive and its hospitable master and mistress, and pursued our way along the Yarrow.

The mere names of places renowned in song and story would fill a column: we saw "the dowie dens of Yarrow," and the two gray stones which mark the scene of the tragedy. One of these rude but effectual monuments was about to be destroyed by the hands of a divine, when it was saved by the poetic Sherriff. We passed "Sweet Bowhill," and those wooded acclivities where

Newark's ruined tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.

The memory of our ancestor rose upon us as we passed Philiphaugh, where he fought and fled; and Janet and her elfin lover were present as we looked on Carterhaugh; we hastened through Selkirk, singing in a subdued tone of voice, 'Sutors a'—sutors a', and hurried on towards Abbotsford, with the hope of reaching, before bed-time, the abode of the greatest of all Scotland's spirits. But the ascending-into-heaven and descending-into-hell nature of the road interposed—the candles, when we reached the gates, were burning backward, for it was now ten at night, so we drove on to Melrose, and with the light of the moon surveyed the splendid ruins. Well has the poet sung—

He that would view Melrose aright,
Must visit it by the pale moon-light;—

and with equal beauty and accuracy has he called it the "ruin gray"; and observed that the flowers of the garden and the herbs of the field around are carved on the fabric. In the burial ground we saw a small monument in memory of Thomas Purdie, wood-forester at Abbotsford, erected by his affectionate master. We forgot the "dark Abbaye" as we looked at this honourable memorial. On the morrow we made our way to Abbotsford, and were received with what Burns calls, in his emphatic language, "a soul-warm welcome." We had not seen Sir Walter for years, and the newspapers had hinted of ill-health: we found him hale and ruddy in the outward man, and in conversation all that we had ever known him. Indeed, out of the dozen times at least that we have had the honour of being in his company, we never found him so shrewd, so anecdotal, and so agreeably companionable. His foot, as he said of Rob Roy, was on his native heath, and we were his guests; yet to be pleasant cost him no effort, and his wit ran as readily as the waters of the Tweed. His hair is as white as the "Dinlay snow"; and we could not help involuntarily blessing him as he passed before us into his halls and libraries, to show us his fine collections of books, and armour, and weapons.

Of the former, it is enough to say, that of the works of Scotsmen, he has perhaps the finest collection extant; volumes anent the Cameronians, and dark books on witchcraft and gramey abound. His armour and weapons merit a longer description—they are

numerous and of great value. The fowling-piece of Rob Roy, and the pistol of Claverhouse, both of rich workmanship, hang together; the sword of the great Montrose is locked carefully in a sort of relique-chest. There are the arms, too, of the warlike name of Scott: we neglected to inquire for the lance of the poet's ancestor, Swinton, of Swinton, with which he slew the Duke of Clarence in the battle of Beagle: the wound inflicted by the Scottish lance is imitated on the cheek of the alabaster figure on the tomb in Canterbury cathedral. We looked at those torture-irons called "thumbikins" in the history of the persecutions in Scotland; but the relique which struck us most was a plain piece of well-tempered steel, being neither more nor less than the head of an English arrow found on the field of Bannockburn, several feet below the surface. It was small, compact, and fit for the working day: the barbs on the sides lie closer than what is common, and the thickness of the shaft must have been little more than that of a tobacco-pipe. We had often heard of English arrows, but we never saw one before; and we believe the one of Abbotsford is almost the only one: we involuntarily repeated the lines—

And there were many vainly thought,
But for a vanst such weapons wrought,
And little deemed their force to feel
Through bars of brass and links of steel,
When rattling down on Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

As we were walking through the house an open carriage came to the door, and the Baronet said, "if we wished to take a ride, he would be glad to accompany us, and show us what was most worth seeing in the land." It is needless to say with what joy we stepped into the carriage—but I will send you all particulars of our delightful excursion next week.

MYSTERY.

I strongly recommend ladies who wish to excite an interest, to try the effects of a little mystery. It is astonishing what good results have followed a shake of the head opportunely introduced—from a sudden start ingeniously thrown in, as if from the agitation of some unpleasant recollection; and a half-repressed sigh has been known to lead to very agreeable consequences. No one ever retains a very strong recollection of those who become known to them all at once;—they are seen at a glance and straightway forgotten; there are no headlands or rugged promontories to stamp the landscape of their characters with individuality; and, from the perfect level of their dispositions, the world come at last to consider them altogether plain.

If a lady has met with no extraordinary adventures, and has the still greater misfortune of not being able to assume the appearance of anything uncommon, her fate is greatly to be lamented. But though we pity her for the absence of such fascinating mysteriousness, we are never brought to love her on that account. Depend upon it pity has very little to do as a precursor of matrimony. This power of exciting curiosity counterbalances a great many personal imperfections. We allow the heroine to be very inferior in beauty to the unassuming open-hearted girl at her side; she even has a tendency to squint, and is so short and broad that she has almost every other property of a square except that of being equilateral;—yet squint, dumpy,

and high shoulder, all disappear before the absorbing question—what is it in her life and adventures she so studiously conceals? The bright eyes of her neighbour shine upon us in vain, her faultless figure flits before us unnoticed, there is evidently nothing she is anxious to hide. But the mystery—the mystery!

I was at Brighton for a few weeks in the spring. The boarding-house was full; there were officers, clergymen, and lawyers; ladies of various ages and denominations—but one above all attracted my attention in a moment. I felt when she entered the room—"that lady has a story to tell," and resolved, if possible, to find it out. She was not young; indeed, I should say, she was verging upon thirty; stout, but still good-looking. There was something about her which excited my curiosity, and I entered into conversation with her on the spot. I talked about books, the Waverley novels, and the reviews. She told me boldly she had never read any books but the Bible and Tom Jones. There was something very wonderful in this. What connexion could there be between the Bible and Tom Jones? In a few days we were remarkably intimate, but the mystery still continued. Who was she? What was her name? Why was she alone? and why had she read no books but the Bible and Tom Jones? These questions persecuted me in my dreams. She was called by no name—was totally unknown to the mistress of the house, and was unacquainted with the rest of the inmates; she talked with the utmost fluency; but if I hinted at her name, she was struck dumb in a moment, looked a little embarrassed, and generally went out of the room as soon afterwards as she could. I did not know what to make of her—she had travelled a great deal and knew nothing—she had no idea who succeeded George III., and confounded the battle of Waterloo with the battle of Trafalgar. But her knowledge of all matters connected with the funds was miraculous; she knew all the variations of the different stocks with the utmost minuteness, and delighted in nothing so much as in showing her expertness in accounts. In the absence of a better name, we called her Miss Cocker. She had never been married; she told me so much. She even told me she had refused a great many offers. I said to her, "You must have had a great objection, madam, to change your name." At the word *name* she started, and cast a look of mingled fear and anger upon me, and hurried away, as if I had offered her an insult. This state of affairs was prodigiously distressing. No sacrifice was too great for the gratification of my curiosity; I could have heard her story—her name—and her reasons for reading nothing but the Bible and Tom Jones—and have died with pleasure. No letters were addressed to her; her handkerchiefs had not even her initials; I was reduced to total despair. One morning in the midst of this perplexity she told me she was going away next day. I was horror-struck. What! go off and leave me still in the dark! I struggled and struggled with my curiosity in vain; and as I put on my hat to accompany her to the pier, I resolved to quiet my feelings at all hazard, and at any price. We walked for some time together in silence. At last I said, "Are you really going to leave us to-morrow?" She answered rather sharply, "Yes," and we were silent again for a long time.

"Will nothing,—is there no consideration that will tempt you to remain?"—"No! I shall certainly be off to-morrow."—"You are too cruel: if you can be tempted to bestow your confidence, by the most zealous attention, the most devoted attachment!"—"Ha! ha!" she interrupted me, "I have not met with anything so delightful since my first confinement—what! you are really in love with me!" and she laughed again. I had heard, of course, enough. Her confinement! and spoken of in that unblushing manner, when she told me herself she had never been married! What was I to do? I got out of the scrape as well as I could. "If you would leave at least your name," I said, "that I might know to whom I am indebted for so much happiness for these three weeks past." "My name! What! you wish to know my name, do you? No, Sir, I carry that in my bosom, and when I die, it will be found written there!"

There was such a degree of romance about the whole adventure, that if it had not been for the unfortunate discovery she had made to me, I should have hurried off for a licence on the moment. But I resolved to be more cautious. All that day I spoke not, ate not, drank not. The woman who had occupied my whole thoughts for nearly a month—who had no name, no acquaintance—who had read no books but Tom Jones and the Bible—was going to slip through my fingers, without the slightest explanation upon any of these subjects. Of course I could not sleep. Next morning I was stirring early; I heard a packing of trunks in my incognita's apartment, and watched impatiently for her appearance; I traced her out of the house, round into King's road, followed by a porter with her luggage; she got into the first coach that passed, and in a moment was whirling along towards London at the rate of twelve miles an hour. I was nearly distracted; but when returning to my lodging I was overtaken by the porter with a note in his hand. He brought it to me, knowing I was a friend of the lady's; it had fallen out of her bosom, he said, and he had not had time to deliver it to her. I took it with rapture; it was addressed "To the Gentleman that finds my Body!"

"Sir,—In case of being killed by a coach or dying suddenly, I always carry my name and address in a letter in my bosom. I have been killed, but you will have the kindness to see my throat properly cut, as I am fearful of being buried alive. They call me Matilda Jenkins, but that is not my name. I am Sophy Western in disguise. If you will carry my body to Dr. —, at his private asylum, whence I lately escaped, I shall be very much obliged to you, and shall ever remain,

"Dear Sir,
"Your obedient servant, S. W."

So the secret was out at last. Her confinement was satisfactorily explained. I need scarcely add, that I left Brighton next day, and have no great desire to see my mysterious acquaintance again. W. J.

Said Sam, "Although my body weigh
Full sixteen stone, I swear,
Whatever people think or say,
My heart is light as air."

It is a likely thing enough,
That such result should follow:
The body—he takes care to stuff,
Whereas the heart—is hollow.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. IV. *St. Peter's—the Statue Gallery at the Vatican—the Sistine Chapel.*

If I have failed, as I cannot but fear, to convey to you a just notion, even of the ruins of old Rome, what hope is there for me, now that I must venture upon St. Peter's itself, the grandest work that perhaps ever existed in Rome, and now in all its perfection and beauty? I will confess to you, that I had no idea of St. Peter's. Engravings magnify and beautify, and consequently deceive most abominably. How often have I had occasion to feel this, since I have been abroad!—but they can only exaggerate little or worthless things—at St. Peter's they wholly fail. How, indeed, is it possible to convey, in some two feet square, a notion of the grandeur and the beauty of the colonnades in front of it? Unhappily, the approach to these is bad; and each of the colonnades is a half circle, instead of an ellipsis; so that till you are within the circle you do not see the whole of the colonnades; and when within it, the magnificent cupola is half concealed by the front of the church; but though we may regret these things, was such a colonnade, or such a church ever seen before? Except in the Guide Books, the front is universally spoken of as bad, and it is worse than I expected; but enter, and you behold the most magnificent and sumptuous temple on earth. The interior is admirable!—the enormous proportions—the boldness and perfect beauty of its arched roof—the boldness and beauty of the arches that separate the nave from the side aisles—the fine proportion of the pilasters—the grandeur of the dome—the profusion of ornament, statuary, mosaic, tombs, and altars—the gilded roof—the inlaid pavement—the splendour of the decorations, all in the finest taste and harmony, make it worthy of its fame. To speak from my own feeling, it seems perfectly ridiculous to compare it to the cold, naked, gloomy melancholy of St. Paul's. The front of St. Paul's, notwithstanding its acknowledged defects, may be superior—the interior, judging from the dimensions, need not be much inferior—the merit of the architect may be greater: these comparisons I leave to others better skilled than I am; but of the effect of the buildings on mind and feeling, it would be absurd to institute a comparison. But, had I ever thought upon the subject, how could it be otherwise? When St. Peter's was built, the wealth of Europe was at command for its embellishment—religion gloried in it—a fine taste directed—and a fine climate has preserved what a southern sun now lights up so gloriously. While St. Paul's, built out of the duty on coals consumed in a single city, like a parish workhouse out of a parish rate, blackened and corroded till it looks like the coal itself, in a cold, damp, foggy climate, where a gleam of sunshine is signal for a holiday; and left the moment its mere masonry was perfected, with its naked walls and prison wretchedness, to the beggarly revenues of a Dean and Chapter.

I confess I felt nothing of the cross-lights, nor of the multitude and disproportion of parts, nor of the "beautiful proportion," which would be disproportion, which makes the whole look less than it is—it seemed to me inimitable; and with this general commendation you must rest satisfied.

Do not conclude from this that I am tired of journaling, and regret my promise, or am weary of sight-seeing—neither, I assure you. After feeding myself with admiration and delight, I went into all the details of altars, chapels, monuments, from the church beneath the pavement, to the church above the roofing; for when there, the dome itself rises like another church, and a grand one;—indeed, without ascending to the roof, you have no perfect idea of the immensity of St. Peter's; as we walked

there, it looked like a dock-yard with its temporary buildings, its work-shops, its houses, chapels, and observatories. I thought, and think still, that the roof of St. Peter's is one of the widest, cleanest, and most pleasant streets in Rome; but every thing like description is out of the question where there is so much to notice, that St. Peter's alone would occupy my whole time and attention.

For the same reason I shall be equally brief with the Vatican. The Statue Gallery alone—the extent and value of the collection, both of ancient and modern art—its marble columns, painted ceilings, bronze doors—its wilderness of Egyptian granite, oriental alabaster—its arabesques and mosaics—its capital, columns, sepulchral monuments—its sarcophagi and inscriptions—its sculptured animals, vases, busts, bas-reliefs, gods, idols, monsters that almost startle you, and statuary that lives in name and reputation over the world, before which you are inclined to bow down and worship,—make it perfectly impossible to do more than refer to Catalogues and Guide Books, which are, for the same reason, blind guides; and to engraved works, which, after all, give but an imperfect idea. The extent of the Galleries, and multitude of objects is such, that I scarcely comprehend them myself. I heartily wish that, instead of being scattered over so many rooms, they were scattered over so many cities—the multitude and variety of subjects distract all feeling—we might then hope, by the help of association, to recollect them; at any rate, to recollect more than I do now. The finest things, of course, can never be forgotten: such as the Minerva Medica, the Torso, the two Antinous', Silenus with the infant Bacchus, admirable! the Laocoon, and the Belvidere Apollo, which, in defiance of a little coxcombry, is beautiful beyond all commendation.

The Scala Regia, which leads to the Sistine Chapel, is called a trick, a quackery in architecture, because the effect is heightened by diminishing the proportion of the receding columns—quackery it may be; but it is one of the few instances in which quackery has been successful. The Sistine Chapel itself raises Michael Angelo to the great man we think him in England. His prophets are prophets, and his sibyls are sibyls; and people, I believe, call them unnatural and distorted, because they are not like themselves. Michael Angelo, more than any other man, grappled with intellect, with passion, with mind "itself instinct"; and these prophets and sibyls are colossal, much less in form than in intellectual power. They are finer, I think, than the 'Last Judgment' itself, which is, however, finer than I expected. I know of no engraving that does anything like justice to the varied power and beauty that are made manifest in it. The colouring, which is sometimes said to be quite faded, and is always condemned, seemed to me wonderfully shadowy and solemn,—so little is my opinion worth.

D. W.

THE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA, JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT.

WE attempted in a late number of the *Athenæum* (July 23) to vindicate the claims of John Cabot to the discovery of the American Continent; and, having considered that point established, intended to mingle no further in this wordy contest. It appears, however, that we are charged with omission and evasion, and we are therefore induced to come forward once more upon this subject.

It is not our intention to tread again the beaten ground of the discovery: we consider the point settled by the two patents granted to John Cabot by Henry VII., one in 1496, empowering him and his three sons to undertake a voyage in search of unknown countries; the

other in 1498, authorizing him to take ships and proceed "to the londe and isles of late founde by the said John."

We repeat these particulars, as we perceive that the *Monthly Review* for this present month of August, assigns the honour of the discovery to Sebastian instead of John, convinced by the ingenious conjectures of the biographer of the son. But the reviewer decides the cause, like the witches in Macbeth, rather by the pricking of his thumbs, than by comparing the weight of evidence.

To come to the point which alone we think it necessary to defend: we are charged with evasion or wilful omission, in having said that nothing further was heard of young Sebastian for some years after the discovery in 1497, whereas the author of the *Memoir* alleges, in chapter x. that he made a voyage in 1498 to the lands previously discovered; and states, in chapter xi., that he made a voyage to Maracaibo in 1499. It is inferred, that he who had command of the expedition of 1498 must, notwithstanding our objection to his youth, have been competent to the charge of that of 1497, on which the great question at issue depends.

This is our answer. We were of opinion, after perusal of chapters x. and xi. of the *Memoir* of Sebastian Cabot, that the alleged voyage in 1498 was a mistake, and the imagined expedition to Maracaibo, a visionary conjecture without foundation. Neither of them was essential to the question of discovery, and we passed them over in silence, as we were not desirous to expose the inaccuracies of a writer, whose chivalrous enthusiasm for his hero had led him into a very pardonable error. We will now investigate the former of these alleged expeditions, and, in deference to the writer of the *Memoir*, will conduct the examination with something of his own minuteness. His evidence consists in an extract from John Stow's *Annals* of England, under the year 1498, and a statement in Peter Martyr's *Decades*.

"This yeere,"—it is Stow that speaks,—"*This yeere*, one Sebastian Gaboto, a Genoa's sonne, borne in Bristowe, professing himself expert in knowledge of the circuit of the world, and islands of the same, as by his charts and other reasonable demonstrations he showed, caused the king to man and victual a ship at Bristow to search for an island which he knew to be replenished with rich commodities; in the ship divers merchants of London adventured small stocks, and the company of this ship sailed also out of Bristow, three or four smaller shippes fraught with sleight and grosse wares, as coarse cloth, caps, laces, points, and such other."†

This extract from Stow we regard as one of the numerous instances in which the dates of years, and the names of father and son, have been confounded together. We refer to the pages of the *Memoir* for the multitudinous cases of these sorts of confusion. Error-hunting is in fact the writer's passion; and he may almost be said to have run a muck among the writers of Voyages, from Ramusio and Hakluyt, who were contemporary with the younger Cabot, to Barrow and Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopedist*, who are living at the present day. He resembles a young knight errant on his first career, anxious to earn his spurs—posting himself at a cross-road, and tilting at all comers. Experience will, we trust, moderate this fiery zeal into a cooler and calmer courage.

"Honest Stow," as it suits the purpose of our author to style him,—and we accord in the justice of the epithet,—was the son of a tailor, and brought up as a tailor, and sat cross-legged on a tailor's shop-board during many years. We say not this to his disparagement; but he was, therefore, humbly educated, and passed the earlier portion of his life in ignorance. He

at length threw aside needle, shears and thimble, and became an antiquary, a collector of ancient and obsolete curiosities, including old books and manuscripts; and this led him to become a compiler of history, patching old parchments instead of mending old clothes. We laud him for the exchange of profession, by which many curious facts have been rescued from oblivion, although it did not better his own condition; for he lived a long life of penury, and died a pauper and a mendicant.

Honest Stow laboured forty years in collecting materials, "rare notes of antiquitie," as he terms them, for a *Chronicle* of England. His sources were, ancient authors, old journals, and charters, registers and tracts, lives of individuals, and records of cities and towns. From these he made copies and extracts or digests. It has, however, been said, that all was fish that came to his net. He is accused of selecting "toys and trifles,"—"*res in minutis*," with equal avidity as matters of importance: "being," says Fuller, in his *Worthies*, "such a *smell-feast*, that he cannot pass by Guildhall but his pen must taste of the good cheer therein." "This," adds Fuller, "must be indulged to his education." We rather think it should be indulged to a keen appetite sharpened by poverty. A hungry author may be permitted to revel and linger in his pages among the cates and flagons of a visionary banquet.

In the year 1600, the seventy-fifth of his own age, Stow was delivered of the fruits of his forty years' labour, his '*Flores Historiarum*, or, *Annals* of England,' an enlarged edition of which was published in 1605, the year of his death.‡ From the latter edition the biographer of Sebastian Cabot quotes the passage respecting the alleged voyage in 1498.

Stow was more distinguished for laborious industry than for accuracy. In the present extract he mentions Sebastian Cabot as "a Genoa's sonne," whereas his father was a Venetian. He probably confounded John Cabot with Columbus, as they were contemporary, were discoverers, and were Italians; and he therefore assigned Genoa, the birth-place of the latter, to them both.

He falls into a similar error, or confusion, in his '*Annals*,' under the year 1502. He says, "This year were brought unto the king three men taken in the Newfound Landes by Sebastian Gaboto, before named in 1498;" and he quotes Robert Fabyan as his authority. No such passage is to be found in Fabyan's work, and there is reason to believe that these savages, if first exhibited in 1502, were brought by an expedition which a company of Bristol and Portuguese merchants had been authorized by Henry VII. to dispatch on a voyage of discovery.†

Stow, in the passage extracted from his '*Annals* of 1498,' must have referred either to one of the two patents granted to John Cabot, already specified, or he must have had reference to a subsequent and unknown patent to Sebastian, which has wonderfully escaped the knowledge of all historians. If the '*Annals*' of Stow are to be considered an accurate register of events, where is his notice of the commissions to John Cabot? Where is his account of the voyage of discovery in 1497? On these points he is silent. We infer, therefore, that in the

† Two years before his death, the poor chronicler, then aged 78, presented a petition to King James I. setting forth his historical labours, his infirmities, and his indigence. The heart of the royal miser, which did not contain three drops of generous blood, was touched by the application, and he accorded Stow a pitiful licence to beg alms at the doors of churches and other places. This grant can have furnished but a scanty supply, if we may judge from the only result that has reached us, the collection made in the parish church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, which amounted to but seven shillings and sixpence. We mention these particulars to round off this account of poor Stow, since it happens to fall in our way.

‡ *Mem. of Sebast. Cabot*, book 2, ch. 1, p. 229.

passage quoted, he alludes to those patents and to that voyage. He does not record events passing under his own eye; for he did not publish his '*Annals*' until more than a century after the discovery; and he, no doubt, copies the error of names as made by earlier writers.

Hakluyt, whom our author censures for adopting this passage from Stow, and substituting the name of John Cabot for that of Sebastian, was aware of the patent of 1498, and therefore corrected Stow's error. Campbell, in his '*Lives* of the Admirals,' makes the same alteration, and for the same reason.

Having, we trust, developed the inaccuracy of honest Stow, we come next to the testimony of the venerable historian Peter Martyr. Pietro Martire, an Italian of distinguished learning, passed most of his life at the court of Spain, where he was high in the confidence of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the period of the discovery of America, which he recorded in his '*Decades* of the Ocean, or, *History* of the Indies.' He was personally intimate with Sebastian Cabot, while the latter resided at the Spanish court after the death of Henry VII. and received from his own lips the particulars of the voyage of discovery.

"Cabot," says Martyr, "is my very friende, whom I use familiarly, and delight to have him sometimes keep mee companie in my owne house: for being called out of England by the commandement of the Catholike King of Castile, after the death of Henry King of Englande, the seventh of that name, hee was made one of our counsaile and assistance, as touching the affayres of the New Indies."‡

But Peter Martyr refers to only one voyage of Cabot, and that one the first voyage of discovery. He does not assign to it a precise date; but it is manifest that he alludes to the expedition of 1497, in which Sebastian accompanied his father.

Peter Martyr makes no mention of John Cabot, who, it is probable, was not named by Sebastian in the recital of his voyage and the narration of his own adventures. The '*Decades* of the Ocean' name only Sebastian Cabot, and the error thus innocently begun, has been continued by Gomarra, and Ramusio, and Herrara, and most of the early writers in foreign languages, and even diffused in English, by Eden's translation of Peter Martyr's *History*. We may, perhaps, trace to this source the mistake of the present zealous biographer of Sebastian Cabot, whom we honourably acquit of any intended misrepresentation.

Having, we trust, established our opinion, that the alleged voyage of Sebastian Cabot, in 1498, is not in proof, we will add, that it will be a gratification to us, if our ingenious biographer can show that it did really take place. Sebastian was two years older than in 1496, the date of the original patent; he had made the voyage of discovery with his father, and he may have been peculiarly suited to take the charge of the expedition. We shall also be well pleased to find that he actually made the conjectural voyage to Maracaibo, in 1499; but to place confidence in the surmise, under the present utter dearth of evidence, would be to embrace a cloud.

We shall now retire from this controversy. In quitting the subject, however, we cannot but express our regret that neither the precise date of old John Cabot's death, nor the place of his sepulture, is known; and we repeat, with a slight variation, the words misapplied by the biographer of his son:—He gave a continent to England, yet no one can point to the few feet of earth she has, in return, allowed him for a grave!

We now take leave both of our new acquaintance the Biographer, and of our old friend John Cabot the Discoverer, wishing to them both all the celebrity they merit.

P. P. P.

† P. Martyr, *Decade 3. ch. 6. Eden's trans.*

† *Memoir of Sebastian Cabot*, p. 81.

VOYAGES OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

At the sitting of the Parisian Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, held on the 22nd of last month, a geographical analysis of the Voyages of our old friend, Sindbad the Sailor, was read. It is a fragment of Walckenaer's manuscript work, 'On the progress of discovery in the Maritime World.' The author is of opinion, that Sindbad's Voyages contain details equal in importance to those of the best oriental geographers, on the acquaintance of the Arabians with the geography of the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago and the Indian and Chinese seas, in the times of Haroun-al-Raschid; which correspond with the close of the eighth, and the early part of the ninth century.

It is remarkable, that none of Sindbad's several voyages name more than two or three regions, and most frequently no more than one; these names appertain to the places which were the end and principal object of the voyage. Generally speaking, the details which are given of the products and natural history of these places are correct. On the other hand, the writer never communicates the names of any country which he makes the scene of his extravagant narratives. It is obvious, therefore, that he has thrown a glazing of the marvellous and fantastic over the performance of real voyages, in which Bagdad formed the point whence they commenced, and to which they were brought to a termination.

The object and limit of Sindbad's first voyage was the city of Bijenhajar, or capital of the Dekkan, the southern part of Hindustan;—the second voyage was directed to the peninsula of Malacca;—the third, to the Andaman Islands, in the straits of Singapore and Sumatra;—the fourth, to the pepper coast of Malabar, the island of Nicobar, and Keydah, in the peninsula of Malacca;—the fifth, to the Maldivian Islands, coasting the shores of Malabar;—and the two last, to Cape Cormorin, the bay of Manaar, and the interior of the Island of Ceylon.

These, then, were the several regions to which the Arabians resorted for the purposes of commercial intercourse in the days of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and in the beginning of the ninth century of the Christian era.

At the same meeting, M. David introduced a report relative to a memoir by M. Texier, on the port of Frejus, in which the writer endeavoured to show, that the porphyry used by the Romans was obtained, not from Egypt, as is believed, but from the environs of Frejus, where he had found a quarry filled with unfinished columns and capitals.

FINE ARTS

GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS.

THE tendency of circumstances for many years past has been to separate the higher and lower classes in this country. We do not allude to a separation of interests—such a subject we should leave to be discussed by politicians—but of feelings: with the one, all things have tended to super-refinement, and with the other to brutality and ignorance. The fluctuations of fortune are, however, in some degree, a counteracting power in the one case; the Exclusives at Almack's are not quite so exclusive as many desire, and never will be while the descendants from the Conqueror have dowerless daughters, and the daughters of the ascendants at Change Alley have fortunes. But in the other case, in the downward tendency to brutality and ignorance among the lower orders, there has been no one qualifying accident; and neither wisdom nor policy has ever given a thought to the important question. We

look upon a native-born London mechanic as among the most pitiable of human beings. He may be, and he often is, possessed of much knowledge—of hard, crude, indigested knowledge; but he is cut off, at the hour of his birth, from all that humanizes the heart and subdues the passions—from the quiet of nature—the purifying influences of silent solitary thought—the legendary tales of a neighbourhood, that, associating themselves with surrounding objects, become a spiritual nature to inanimate things, and enlarge our sympathies and affections even beyond our fellow-men. To the occasional and kindly intercourse of more informed minds he is a stranger: he lives in his one room surrounded by his whole family—he toils on hour after hour, till, fevered and overwrought, he seeks relief in the foul air of the crowded city—his pleasures, if they be not excesses, are shouldered by the excesses of others—the stories he is familiar with are only the personal experiences of such as himself—song to him is but the mirth of drunken revellers—his literature is seasoned to suit his dead palate—and relaxation is but variety and change of excitement.

Now, if this be true, what would a wise policy direct? not surely the circulation of a cheap treatise, or an invitation to a lecture, on algebra, or astronomy, or mathematics; yet to this error have the Diffusion Society and the Mechanics' Institutes too much inclined. An over-laboured man is very little likely to begin labouring again for mere pleasure; and we doubt if knowledge ever can produce the desired good. If our object be to awaken feeling, we must appeal to the heart. It is true, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, where circumstances are so opposed, to reach such a man by a fine and humanizing literature—he that could find enjoyment in it, must be already gentle and good; but may we not reach him by painting and sculpture, and the fine arts? To understand the higher beauties of art may require knowledge; but art appeals directly to natural feelings, and may be felt in degree by all: it is the spiritual imaginings of one man appealing to the spiritual nature of another—and it has, and must have, its moral influence;—the church of Rome, deeply skilled in the human heart, felt this, and acted on it. Would it not then be politic, politic even in its considerate kindness, if the Exhibitions—that at Somerset House especially, and the British Institution, as belonging to an association of noblemen and gentlemen indifferent to profit—were to be thrown open gratuitously for a short time, after they were closed to the paying public? We have no doubt, if the example were once set, it would be followed by the Associated Artists in Suffolk Street, by the Water-Colour Society, and numberless others. It might, too, be well to have the National Gallery, the Museum, and all others over which the public have control, open, for a few hours before and after divine worship on Sundays.

The old dread and horror of "the public" is wearing out: it has been shown by the National Gallery—the Museum—the Gardens in the Park—and other places, that the English people are quite as decent and orderly as any other: besides, their respect and good feeling for art would grow with the enjoyment of this privilege. We are not inclined to allow more space to these mere hints and suggestions, although we are prepared, if the question be entertained, to show that such exhibitions would not only have their MORAL INFLUENCE on the people, but a *beneficial re-action on art itself*.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

We are a little in arrears with some of these, and must therefore condense our observations as much as possible. *The History and Topography of the United States* increases in inter-

est with every number published. This work must, we are sure, be welcome to the public, for it was wanted. The plates are all sufficiently good, and the maps are excellent. Of the literature we shall speak more fully hereafter.—The two last numbers of the *Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels* are among the best yet published of this beautiful work: Prout, Roberts, Fielding, and Stothard have all done well.—The *Watering Places* keeps up to the promise of the first number: the View of Southampton is particularly good.—Of the cheapest of all the cheap publications, the *English School*, we have only to express our continued hopes for its deserved success: six neat and beautiful outline engravings, with letter-press, for eighteenpence, ought to command it. It is quite extraordinary how well the expression is retained in some of the little miniature copies from Hogarth and Wilkie.

The Coronation Medal.—It is at last determined by Ministers to strike a medal in commemoration of the approaching Coronation of their Majesties. It will be about the size of a half-crown—not with the faces

kind and billing

Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,

as the satirist has it—but William will be on one side, and Adelaide on the other. Two thousand will be impressed on silver, and a fourth of that quantity on gold. Talents of the first order have been employed on this work. The models, from the hand of Chantry, are eminently beautiful; that of the Queen was made in great haste: the sculptor had to attend night and day at Windsor, to the neglect of all other commissions, till the head was completed. It then passed into the hands of Wyon, the medallist of the Mint, whose skill of touch, and happiness in seizing character, may be seen on the late coinage, and on many a fine medal.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

WE announced last week that M. Laporte had been deposed, and that Mr. Monk Mason now reigns in his stead. The *Court Journal* adds to this information, that the new sovereignty is to be absolute; that admission is to be refused to all gentlemen in boots, black neckcloths, &c.; and that opera-hats, and so forth, will be insisted on, after the fashion ten years ago. Now, why fix on ten years ago? Take twenty or forty, and swords, buckles, bag-wigs, and silk breeches. Mr. Monk Mason, we suspect, will rather direct his attention to tempting numbers in, than shutting numbers out; and, therefore, we shall hint to him, that a little more liberal expenditure on the choruses and orchestra, than under his predecessor, might be judicious. The former ought, at the lowest computation, to be just four times as numerous as they are, and to be sufficiently paid, to induce persons properly qualified to accept engagements as chorus singers. The present *cori* are composed of poor devils without either voice or talent, who earn not, at this theatre, wherewith to keep body and soul together; and we remember seeing, at no very remote period, three of them trying to better their circumstances by singing glees in the public streets.

The orchestra has, at present, the appearance of the skeleton of a regiment just returned from a sanguinary campaign. It is strong in talent, but the ranks of those who handle the bow are so thin, that the wind instruments have often an undue preponderance; and when Spagnoletti and Mori, Lindley and Dragonetti, have left the theatre, there remains not, for the ballet, a band superior to that of a third-rate town in France, Italy, or Germany.

PAGANINI'S CONCERT,
Thursday, Aug. 11.

THE excitement which Paganini's performances first raised, seems in no degree to subside. His Concert on Thursday was as well attended as any former one has been. To give any detailed account of Paganini's performance on Thursday night, would be only to repeat that which we have stated over and over again; we therefore can only say, that, as usual, it was perfect and inimitable. With regard to the pieces he played, we are at a loss which to prefer—the first movement of the *concerto* with the wonderful improvisation—for improvisation it certainly was—which formed the *ad libitum* *cadenza* at the end, or the beautiful elegiac strains of the *adagio appassionato*, or the invocation in 'Pietro l'Ermite,' or the witches' song; but each was so exquisitely, so truly given, as to convince the most sceptical, that distinct ideas may be conveyed to the human mind by the perfection of instrumental performance, and that Paganini possesses this power—which Dragonetti terms "the true pronunciation of music"—to a degree which leaves him a solitary man in his art, and places him upon an eminence so difficult of attainment, that we fear it will not again be reached.

He will give two more Concerts next week, and then positively proceed to Dublin.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

When young leaves are springing: a Song; the words by Miss Jewsbury; the music by Mrs. J. B. Thompson. Mori & Lavenue.

THE words are sweetly imagined, and very well expressed; and Mrs. Thompson's exertions have evidently risen with the subject—the music is among the best we have seen by her—and the song likely, we think, to become popular.

God preserve the King: a Loyal Anthem; written by T. H. Bayly; composed by John Barnett. Mayhew & Co.

THE above popular writer and composer have united their talents to produce a truly patriotic effusion, evidently in imitation of our national anthem, 'God save the King;—and they have tolerably well succeeded. Each strain is written as a solo, and repeated as a trio or chorus in score: it is simple and characteristic.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new farce, called 'The Fricandeau,' was served up here on Tuesday evening. We have not had an opportunity of seeing it, but the reports are unfavourable. It is, as its name imports, taken from the French; and the audience seemed to think the Parisian veal, of which the chief part of it is composed, too poor and thin; nor was the English bacon, with which it was interlarded, either fat enough or salt enough. Instead of a *fricandeau*, it turned out to be a hash; and, therefore, part of the audience, by not minding their displeasure, put the author into a stew. This *fricandeau* has two or three times since been brought to table cold, but it is not relished, and we expect that the customers will object to its forming an item in the bill.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

It is always a pleasure to us to visit this patriarch of the minor theatres. The performances past and present are so much alike, that it seems to be the only place of public amusement upon which time has no effect. Instead of bringing our youth back to our minds, it appears to take us, mind and body, back to our youth. Even as we sit, we can sometimes fancy that "good spirits" are at work plucking the straggling

grey hairs, one by one, from our head; nor would we venture to swear that a covering warmth does not gradually steal over our incipient baldness. An indescribable gratification comes "o'er our ears like the ***** south." We have delicately avoided saying the *sweet* south, because we would not allude too closely to the odours which it either steals or gives. Other theatres have been seen to vary the styles almost as much as the merits of their performances, but old Father Astley, incapable of change, (except at the pay place,) has, like his neighbour old Father Thames, still held on his steady course for the service and amusement of succeeding generations, and this with such undeviating regularity, that the summers of one seem as little likely to fail as the springs of the other. This house is, we believe, always well attended. No sooner does the trumpet of fame proclaim that Astley's is open, and sound "to horse," than we find men, women, and even children in arms, all "eager for the fray."

By the way, what a magnificent looking fellow is that M. Ducrow, with his finely-turned figure and his Gallico-Grecian head! With what ease and dignity he sits his steed, and how majestically he stalks the saw-dusted arena! Then there is his Hanoverian horse, whose form shows worthy of his master—a degree of praise which he must be a more unreasonable horse if he be not satisfied with. We saw these two noble animals, assisted by a gentleman whose name we have been rude enough to forget, go through a scene purporting to have some mythological allusion to Apollo. It was well, but they would all have done better with a better subject. Has Mons. Ducrow ever gotten up the taming of Bucephalus by Alexander? If not, we wish we could oblige him to oblige us. We should not omit to mention, that, upon the occasion to which we have alluded, the house was illuminated in honour of the *hundredth* representation of 'Mazzeppa.' The wild horse must have run away with the whole town.

VAUXHALL.

THE worthy wine and spirit-ed proprietors of these gardens have arranged the amusements this season, more in conformity to what has been stated by the majority of the newspapers, to be the wish of the public; and we should therefore hope that they will receive the support of both newspapers and public. There is a degree of deadly-liveliness about the English, when congregated in large numbers, which always prevents them from making the most of any amusement that depends in part upon their own exertions. In private society they can be social, jolly, hearty and gay as the best; but they have some kind of false pride, which makes them half ashamed of being seen to enjoy themselves in public. That, which, in the one case, is innocent gaiety, in the other, becomes frivolity; and though they have no objection to being amused, they will not assist in amusing themselves. Thus, though they can sit and laugh heartily at a theatre, upon sufficient provocation, they seem to attend Vauxhall as a matter of business, and round the walks they go as if they were on the treadmill. One of the best introductions we have ever remarked at Vauxhall, is a peripatetic who imitates with astonishing accuracy, the notes of various birds. Nothing can be more applicable than this imitation, as you walk about among trees. You forget that the sounds proceed from a human throat, and the effect is as refreshing as the plashing of water in hot weather. The celebrated Michel Boai is also regularly engaged, and his chin is one of the principal features of the season. Luckily for the visitors, who cannot hear this clever performer without being delighted, he reverses the usual custom, and does not knock until after the doors are open. There is a good comic concert in the original orchestra, and, to

crown all, they have the original cocked-hats. There are numerous optical delusions, all of them good, but by far the best is the young lady in the telescope. A telescope is fixed against the corner of a wall, and points at a painting of flowers and butterflies, which has a strong light thrown upon it. Through this you look, expecting of course to get a magnified view of the painting, when lo! a live young lady is presented to your astonished eye. The effect is very pretty, but would be more so if the young lady were.—In short, the punch is good, and the fire-works are good, and they're all good fellows together.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

It is a rare thing among actors, as, indeed, among the generality of mankind, to be sensible of their own defects. Quin seems to have been an exception. After he had taken leave of the stage, which he did partly in consequence of having lost his teeth, he received a letter at Bath from his friend Ryan, entreating him to come to town and play his famous character of *Falstaff* for his (Ryan's) benefit. Quin sent him the following note in answer: "My dear Ryan—I would do anything in my power to serve you, but by G—d, I'll whist! *Falstaff* for no man."

In the year 1766, when the population of Edinburgh was scarcely a third of its present amount, it now and then happened that the audience at the theatre was thin—to the point of starvation for the manager; when this was the case it could not be reasonably expected that the said manager should be in the best possible humour. One night, in the hope of getting rid of the very few who had strayed in, it was announced that the principal performer had been suddenly taken ill. The auditors, suspecting a trick, began to be riotous, and called for the manager to explain—he came and assured them that the statement was true. This did not satisfy them, and they began to exhibit signs of preparation for pulling up the benches, &c. The manager now lost all patience, and, feeling doubly annoyed that such disposition to riot should be evinced on a night when he was so considerably out of pocket, he stepped forward, and, having obtained a momentary hearing, said—"Gentlemen, I have but one little favour to beg of you"—(Hear—hear—hear!) "It is this," (Hear—hear!) "That the next time you come to make a disturbance in this house, you will have the goodness to bring a few more along with you." This unexpected address put them into good humour, and they "departed in peace."

MISCELLANEA

North American Review.—The number for July, just arrived, contains an admirable article on Lord Brougham—written in so calm and philosophical a spirit—one so free from our own party passions and prejudices—that it seems like the deliberate judgment of posterity. It does full justice to his powers and his public virtue.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—We are happy to say that the Surrey Zoological Society is proceeding with spirit, and that great progress has been already made in erecting the buildings and laying out the grounds. A few evenings since, strolling in the fields near Camberwell, we found ourselves unexpectedly surrounded by all sorts of strange animals, and it then appeared that we had trespassed on the outer pastures of the Society.

Floating Pumice.—A large mass of pumice was lately found floating at sea, and a piece of it was carried to Boston in America.

Advertisements.—Some of these announcements read strangely:—Nervous Pills—Walking Great Coats—a House that votes for the County—Solid Education with a Vacancy—the Turnpike at Tyburn, Furnished—Tailors to be disposed of, &c.

Newspapers.—There are 237 newspapers in the State of New York, publishing annually 14,536,000 printed sheets—the population is 1,616,458; thus averaging more than 13 sheets for every man, woman, and child in the state.

A curious Blunder.—The *Sunday Times*, in describing the feast at the opening of the Bridge, said, that three hundred turtles were served on the occasion; it appears it should have been three hundred turtles.

The wild project we noticed last week, headed *French National Workshop*, has suddenly been put a stop to by the proper authorities.

A very attractive piece has been brought out at the *Nouveautés*, in Paris, entitled *Foyage de la Liberté*, crowds besiege the doors from five o'clock every evening, and during the course of the performance tumultuously testify their sympathy for the Polish cause.

The amusements at the Tivoli Gardens of Paris are becoming quite English; they have a pantomime by English performers, races by English ponies, and a Diorama of the Thames Tunnel.

The Italian Opera at Paris opens the first of September, for a season of seven months. The chief performers engaged are, Sigs. Rubini, Nicolini, Bordogni, Lablache, Santini, Graziani, Berattori, Derosa; Mesds. Pasta, Malibran, Schröder-Devrient, Caradori, Tadolini, &c. The only novelties announced are those which have been already brought out in London.

Victor Hugo is adopting his novel of *Notre Dame de Paris* for the stage, to be brought out at the *Académie*, with music by Rossini. Taglioni is cast for Esmeralda.

A subscription has been opened for M. Mars, the editor of the *Furet de Londres*, now confined as a prisoner in the King's Bench. We trust the amount will equal the expectation of his friends; but it would surely be advisable to appoint some one at the west end of London to receive subscriptions—many would contribute, who cannot travel over to the King's Bench to pay the money.

Gymnastic Exercises.—The French papers report, that at a public exhibition of the Normal Gymnasium in Paris, during the late three days' rejoicings, two platoons of its pupils started and ran round the course at a regular step, which was equal to nine miles per hour. After resting for five minutes, they resumed at an accelerated velocity;—the youngest pupils moved at the rate of ten miles; youths between sixteen and eighteen, at the rate of thirteen; and adults, at that of seventeen miles per hour. Prizes were bestowed on seven of the swiftest runners.—It would have been more satisfactory, had we been informed of the distance run at these rates.

Fish.—In a curious paper in the *American Journal of Science*, upon the fish of the Hudson, it is stated, on the authority of an old and experienced fisherman, that, sixty years ago, the principal fish were sturgeon, bass, and the common herring—the latter so plentiful, that waggon loads were to be backed into shoal-water, and filled with a common scoop-net. All these have since much diminished, but there has been an increase of the shad in more than a tenfold degree. The change is supposed to have originated in the erections of dams, which shut out the fish from their spawning grounds.

Customs of the Abyssinians.—In all the Galla districts, except those converted to the Mahomedan or the Christian religion, the inhabitants, on the appearance of the small-pox, burn their

villages, and retire to a place as far off as their district will allow. As the diseased are burnt with their homes,—fathers, mothers, and the dearest relations, alike fall a sacrifice to this barbarous practice. Horrid as it may appear, the Galla think it a very prudent mode of proceeding, and reproach the Christians for not doing the same, as they say numbers of their brethren are thus preserved by the sacrifice of a few.—*Pearce's Adventures.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 4	75 63	29.65	N.E. to N.	Cloudy.
Fr. 5	77 59	29.48	N.W.	Rain, P.M.
Sat. 6	78 59	Stat.	W. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 7	73 69	Stat.	S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 8	73 63	29.65	N. to N.W.	Clear.
Tues. 9	78 62	29.65	W.	Rain, P.M.
Wed. 10	74 56	29.79	N.W.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrostratus.
Mean temperature of the week, 68.5°.
Nights and mornings, for the greater part, fair. Much thunder and lightning on Friday, P.M., and throughout the week.

Astronomical Observations.
Moon in perigee, Friday, 3h. A.M.
Sun eclipsed, invisible, on Sunday.
Sun and Jupiter in opposition on Wed. at 9 P.M.
Venus's geocen. long. on Wed. 3° 16' in Virgo.
Mars's — — — — 1° 54' in Leo.
Jupiter's — — — — 17° 20' in Aquarius.
Sun's — — — — 17° 3' in Leo.
Length of day on Wed. 14h. 52m.; decreased, 1h. 42m.
Sun's horary motion, 2' 24". Logarithmic number of distance on Sunday, .005969.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

First—to numberless anxious and kind friends we reply, that, if any judgment can be formed from the sale of one number, the bold experiment, of reducing our price one-half, has succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes. Still, they should not relax; the reduction cannot be too extensively known.

We request that our old subscribers will complete their sets as early as possible; and as it does not appear to be generally known among them, we think it well to add, that the *previous numbers are all reduced in price to fourpence*. A monthly part, of four numbers, equal to two common octavo volumes, now costs only sixteenpence; and the demand for these, consequent on the great increase of our subscribers, will make it impossible for us to supply single papers after a few days.

S. A. of Bristol, should order the *Athenæum* as he would a book—and the bookseller who most frequently receives parcels from London. We do not, under any circumstances, supply papers to subscribers from our own office. As to C. T., who could not procure it in Acton, we answer—that he should have ordered it of his newsmen. We regret the trouble he had; but really the remedy is so evident and so simple, that we must think he is in some degree deserved it.

It is not in our power to comply with G. B.'s request. It is left for T. F. as directed.
Thanks to H. G. F.—B. S.—M. M.—A Subscriber.
To the "Friend" at Brighton we are not the less obliged, though he chooses to do the kindness and the service, and will not allow us an opportunity of thanking him.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Fortcoming.—Dr. Morton, the author of *Travels in Russia*, is about to publish a medical work—"Remarks on the Subject of Lactation," &c.

In November, 'The Amulet for 1832,' the sixth volume. Among its illustrations will be found engravings from paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Pickersgill, Haydon, George Hayter, Gerard, Stanfield, and David Roberts.

In October, 'The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1832,' the fifth volume, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, will contain a considerable number of engravings on steel and on wood.

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